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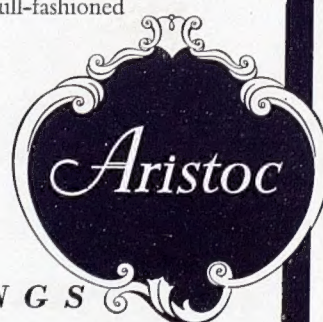
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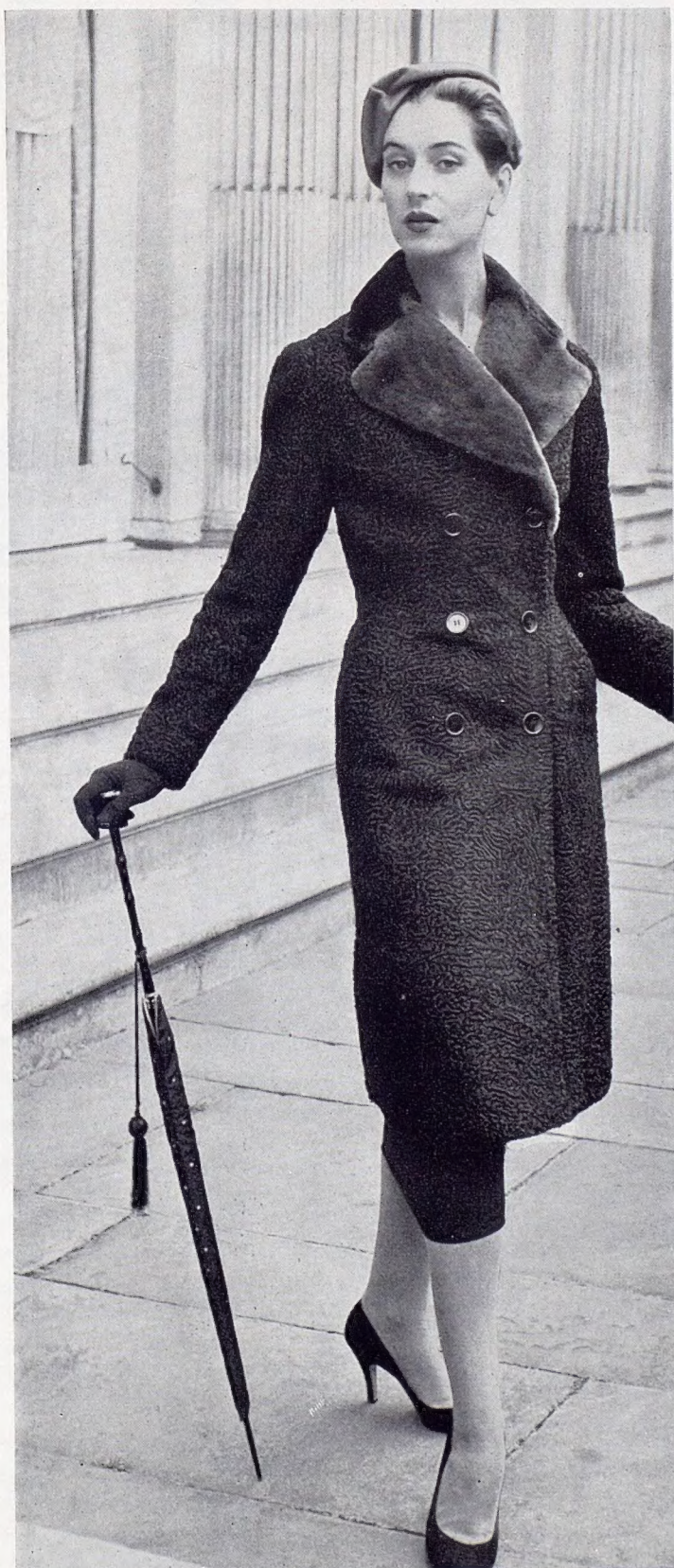
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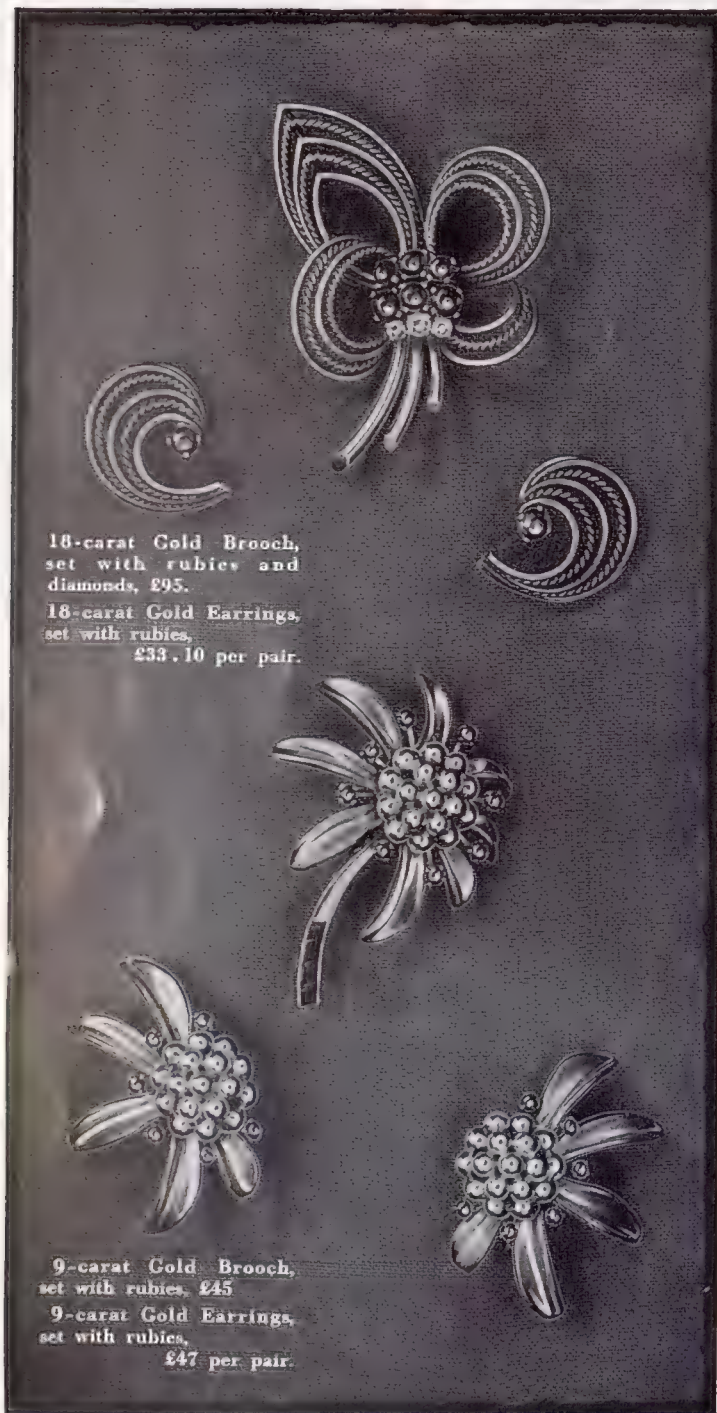
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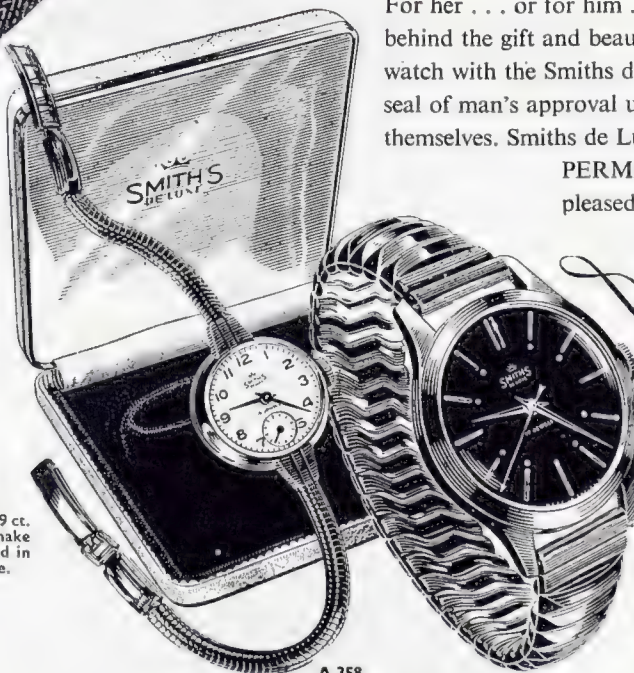


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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 12 to October 19



Eric Coop

LADY MANCROFT, whose photograph, at her charming house in Montagu Square, appears on the cover this week, is the wife of the second baron, whom she married in 1945. Her husband is a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen and Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Home and Welsh Affairs. Lady Mancroft, who is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. Horace Lloyd, D.S.O., is one of London's most popular hostesses, is deeply interested in politics and ably assists her husband in his career. They have two daughters, the Hon. Victoria born 1952, and the Hon. Jessica two years younger

Oct. 12. (Wed.) Prince Philip arrives in Copenhagen in the Britannia.

The Cesarewitch run at Newmarket.

Oct. 13 (Thurs.) Annual dinner of the Anglo-Egyptian Society at the Dorchester.

First night of *The Pajama Game*, with Joy Nichols, at the Coliseum.

Oct. 14 (Fri.) The Duke of Gloucester visits the R.A.F. Station at St. Athan, South Wales.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ley's dance for their débutante daughter Susan and son Ian at Shirley House, Brailsford, Derbyshire.

Mrs. I. N. Fyfe-Jamieson's dance for her daughter Miss April Villar, at Little Hough, Norton, Bury St. Edmunds.

Oct. 15 (Sat.) Racing at Redcar, Sandown Park, Huntingdon, Wetherby, Worcester and Ayr.

Oct. 16 (Sun.)

Oct. 17 (Mon.) Prince Philip presents the Queen's and Regimental Colours to 2nd Bn. the Royal Canadian Regiment at Fort York, near Gütersloh, Germany.

Grenadier Guards dinner at the Savoy.

Racing at Wolverhampton (2 days), Ayr and Wye.

First night of *Otello* at Covent Garden: a new production sung in Italian.

Oct. 18 (Tues.) The Duke of Gloucester opens Club Week for the National Association of Boys' Clubs.

Princess Margaret attends a cocktail party given by the R.A.F. Cinema Corporation, of which she is Patron.

Racing at Hurst Park (3 days).

Oct. 19 (Wed.) The Queen, Prince Philip, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret attend the re-dedication of the Lambeth Palace Chapel.

Princess Margaret visits the 1st Bn. of the H.L.I. at Bulford, Salisbury Plain, to present new Colours to the Regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief.

International Motor Exhibition opens at Earls Court.

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Loopline 79/9



Slipknot 79/9



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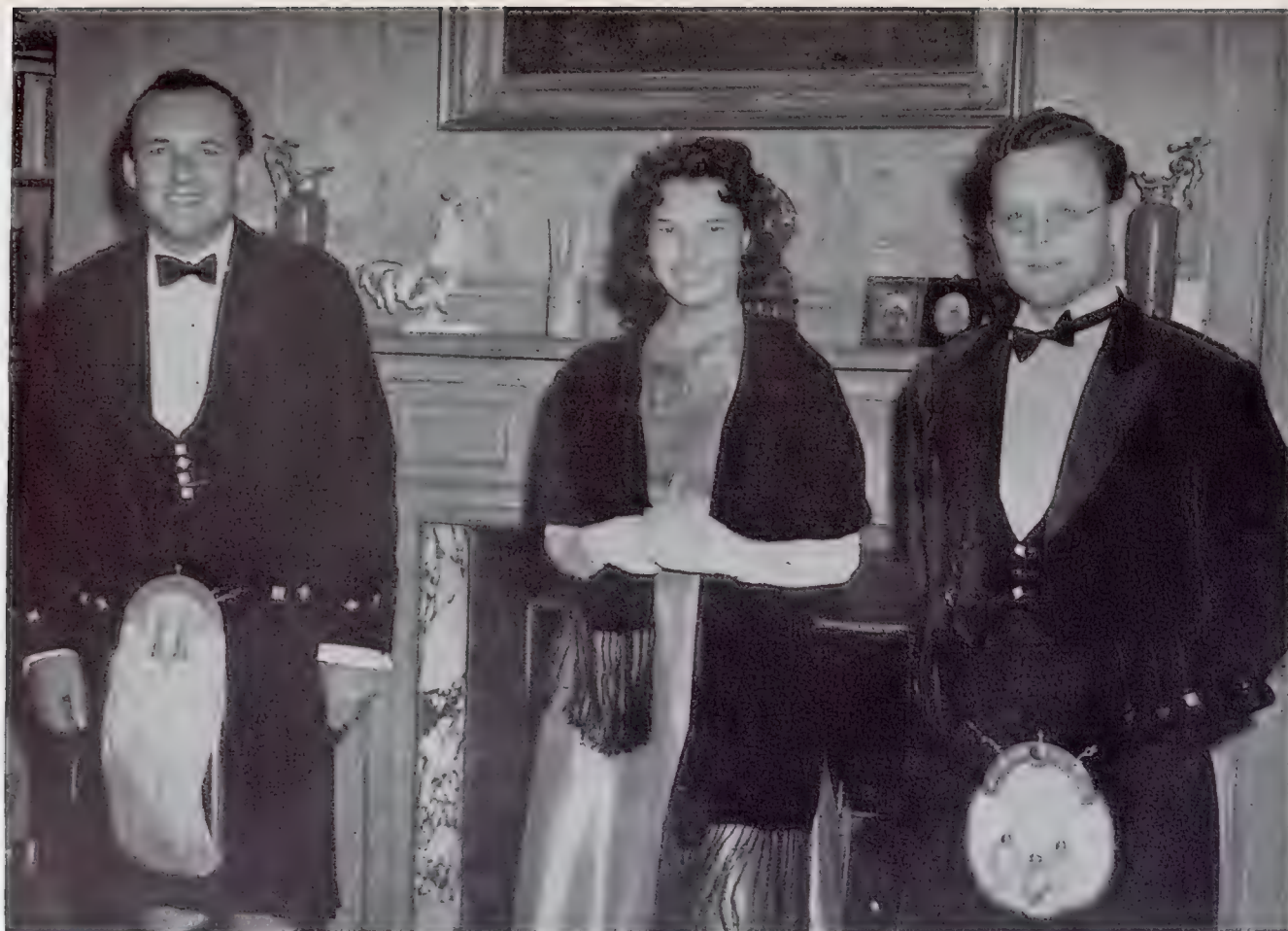
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Mrs. John Lowther with her daughter Sara

MRS. JOHN LOWTHER, elder daughter of Colonel J. Bevan and Lady Barbara Bevan, is an Extra Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. Princess Margaret, godmother to Sara who will be two years old in January. Her husband is a prominent industrialist in the City of London and is chairman of a Youth Centre, in which work Mrs. Lowther is also keenly interested. Their home is Guilsborough Court, Northants



LORD INCHCAPE (right) with his sister Lady Rosemary Mackay, and brother, the Hon. Simon Mackay, at Glenapp Castle, Ballantrae, Ayrshire. The Hon. Simon Mackay recently celebrated his coming-of-age, the festivities at the Castle also being coupled with the coming-out of Lady Rosemary

Social Journal

Jennifer

SWEDISH EMBASSY PARTY

THE Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf, two of the most charming and popular personalities of the Diplomatic Corps in London, always give very enjoyable and superbly run parties. Since they came here in 1948 they have supervised the redecoration of their Embassy, which is now one of the most beautiful diplomatic homes in London. At a recent cocktail party given by them, the guests included H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, one of the most beloved and respected members of our Royal Family who radiates charm wherever she may be. A circle of friends were continually around her waiting to have a word, Sir Anthony and Lady Eden being among these. Earl and Countess Mountbatten, who are shortly off to Canada and the U.S., on an official visit, were the centre of another group of friends including the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys.

I met the Marchioness of Huntly looking very chic in a black suit and little velvet hat. She told me she was shortly off on a business trip to Australia for a big newspaper conference out there, but would be back in time for the Christmas holidays with her young family.

PRINCE FRIEDRICH OF PRUSSIA, who arrived rather late, was sitting talking to his lovely hostess, while Princess Friedrich of Prussia talked to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Caven-

dish-Bentinck. The new German Ambassador, who with his quiet charm has quickly made many friends here, was talking to the Duchess of Buccleuch who had just come down from Drumlanrig where she and the Duke have entertained a succession of friends this summer including many members of the Diplomatic Corps. Among these were the retiring Italian Counsellor Don Livio Theodoli, Marchese di Sanbuci, and his charming wife Donna Diedo Theodoli, Marchesa di Sanbuci, who were also at this amusing party. The Theodolis, who have been at the Italian Embassy here for four years, will be sadly missed. They are a most social and intelligent couple who have made a great number of friends in this country. He is returning to Rome to take up an important appointment in the Italian Foreign Office. The Swedish Air Attaché, Col. Arthur Falk, and his wife were helping their Ambassador look after the guests.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY TIARKS were having a long conversation with the Spanish Ambassador who was looking very fit after what he told me had been a most enjoyable holiday in Spain and the South of France. Mr. "Chips" Channon was accompanied by his son Paul. Vicomte d'Orthez was chatting with Col. and Mrs. Archie Campbell who had enjoyed a wonderful holiday in Ireland. Princess Dimitri, Mrs. John Ward who was back from cruising in the

Mediterranean, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, the Hon. Mrs. "Jakey" Astor, Mr. Peter Coats, Viscount and Viscountess Moore and the Hon. John Siddeley and his wife were among the other guests.

★ ★ ★

THE first private dance of this little season was an exceptionally gay and enjoyable one. This was given by Lord and Lady Monson for their very pretty débutante daughter the Hon. Sandra Monson, and for their second son the Hon. Jeremy Monson who celebrated his twenty-first birthday at midnight. The dance took place at the Dorchester Hotel, where incidentally the Monsons made their home for part of the war years when Lord Monson had an official appointment in London and his wife was working with the American Red Cross in Charles Street.

Lady Monson, who is an American by birth, is exceptionally artistic and always has original ideas. For the dance, instead of using the Orchid Room or the ballroom she chose the circular Gold Room, which was used for dancing in the war years and makes a really charming ballroom for a private dance. This was transformed for the evening with red, white, yellow and green gauze, cleverly draped and brightly lit. There were gay murals of circus life around the walls and skewbald roundabout horses in the five alcoves.

Guests came in at the ballroom entrance and Lord and Lady Monson, the latter in a dress of blue and silver brocade and a fine tiara, received in the Silver Room, where two big vases of pink chrysanthemums were floodlit on the silver grey wall behind them. Sandra, looking enchanting in a dress of blue lace, with the floral design picked out in silver, had her mother's poodle Cognac on a lead, and stood beside her parents with her brother on the other side to greet their friends. The Crystal Room, beyond looked quite beautiful, with tropical plants arranged all round the walls, very softly lit, with a crescent moon shining over the guests, who were enjoying a cool drink at the little bar, or sitting listening to the clever coloured pianist Bosco Holder from Trinidad. He sang calypsos and played West Indian tunes, and later he and his wife, Sheila, gave an excellent cabaret turn in the ballroom when he sang and played the piano and she sang and danced.

No one enjoyed the evening more than Sandra and Jeremy's grandmother, Mrs. Alexander Powell, who had come over from Washington, D.C. She was in great form, wearing a tiara with her pastel satin evening dress, and danced several times during the evening.

The dinner party hostesses included Mrs. Edward Barford, who looked very attractive in navy blue with her sapphire and diamond necklace, and with Mr. Barford brought a large party, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, soignée in a pastel embroidered satin dress, whom I met with Brig. Senior, both looking very fit after a holiday in Scotland, and Lady Illingworth who was later having supper at a table with Mr. Bill Tucker.

Mrs. Everard Gates, wearing a gaily printed cerise silk dress, had with her husband a dinner party of twenty-four at their lovely flat in Grosvenor Square. Besides Mrs. Gates's son, Mr. Christopher Wells, other young people dining in their party included Miss Frances Sweeny, Miss Ruth Huggins just back from a holiday in Switzerland, Miss Penelope Knowles and Miss Sheelin Maxwell. The latter, who wore a white dress with a floral design, had just returned from Scotland where she had thoroughly enjoyed many of the festivities of the Scottish season. Miss Norena Stewart-Clark was also just down from Scotland where her parents, Sir Stewart and Lady Stewart-Clark, had a succession of young house parties for Norena and their only son Jack, who is just back from Canada.

Mrs. Gates's other dinner guests included Mr. Francis Dashwood and his brother John, Miss Bridget des Graz, Miss Mardie Madden, Mr. Richard Rhys, Capt. David Bennett, Col. Remington Hobbs and Mr. and Mrs. Tobolski. Mrs. E. C. Tennyson d'Eyncourt also gave a dinner party for the dance, as did Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fane, whom I met during the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman and Lady Braithwaite.

AMONG the younger guests I noticed enjoying this very good dance were Miss Camilla Roberts dancing with Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Lady Sarah Cadogan dancing with Mr. David Bailey, Lord Gray, Miss Camilla Straight who always looks so gay and happy, and was much in demand for dances, her cousin the Earl of Winchelsea, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, whose broken arm has now mended, Miss Polly Eccles vivacious and gay, the Earl of Suffolk, Miss Elizabeth Rhys looking very pretty in the exquisite gold embroidered ivory satin dress she wore at her own coming-out dance, Mr. Dominic Elliot and Miss Jane Sheffield, also very pretty, this time in white.

[Continued on page 80]



Miss Doreen Stephens, Lady Strathcarron and Mrs. Christina Wollman were among the company

A GATHERING TO VIEW CHELSEA TREASURES

MANY distinguished guests attended a reception for the preview of the Chelsea Antiques Fair, in the Chelsea Town Hall. It is the fifth year this autumn Fair has been held, and it has again attracted connoisseurs from all parts of the country



Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Bt., discusses the objets d'art on view with Lady Mountaine O'Neill

Miss Peta Eversley de Winton and Sir James Scott Douglas, Bt., from Kelso, Roxburghshire



Councillor A. Sims, Mayor of Chelsea, who received the guests, with Mrs. Josephine Grahame-Ballin, organizer of the Fair



JUBILEE AT NEWBURY

THE Golden Jubilee of the Newbury Autumn Cup saw a race worthy of the occasion when Dragon Fly won in a tremendous finish from Romany Air, Windless and Flame Royal dead-heating third



Sir Gervais and Lady Tennyson d'Eyncourt were talking over their selection as the runners went out



Lady George Scott, sister-in-law of the Duke of Buccleuch, with the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry, who is a sister-in-law of Viscount Camrose



Mrs. Neville Mitchell, Miss M. Mitchell, and Lady Greene. It was a perfect day for racing



Mrs. John Bailward, from Temple Combe, Somerset, Mr. A. Aman the owner, and Lt. B. W. Stark, R.N., were discussing prospects for the favourite in the big race of the day

Continuing The Social Journal

Farewell party for pioneer

Others there included Lord Monk Bretton, Miss Sally Whitelaw, the Earl of Brecknock, Miss Virginia Estcourt, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Charlotte Bowater in an azure blue dress, Lord James Crichton-Stuart, Miss Jill Clifford Turner and Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling.

I did not leave until after 2 a.m., when dancing was still in full swing, and it went on, I heard, until the band played "God Save The Queen" after 4 a.m. Next day Lord and Lady Monson and their family went up to their home in Lincolnshire where they gave a party with a firework display for their tenants, in honour of their son's twenty-first birthday.

Pictures of the dance will be found on pages 96-7.

★ ★ ★

A FAREWELL party was recently given by Mrs. Wilfred Harvey for Mr. H. Daly Stanford, in her pleasant house in Orme Square. Mr. Stanford, an octogenarian, was returning to South Africa the following day for the centenary celebrations of Stanford and Stanford Bay, which were named after his grandfather, the late Sir Robert Stanford, who discovered this very fertile farming centre about a hundred miles from Capetown. It is also only about ten miles from the lovely seaside resort Hermanus.

Among the friends who came to wish him "Bon voyage" were the Duchess of Atholl, Rose Marchioness of Headfort and her son and daughter Lord William Taylour and Lady Millicent Taylour, and his niece Miss Valerie de Pass. Marie, Marchioness of Willington who spent her usual summer holiday at Virginia Water, was there, also the Dowager Countess Cadogan, the Dowager Countess of Mayo, Lady St. Oswald, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Pearson, Dorina Lady Neave, Admiral Sir Ernest and Lady Taylor, and Mr. Ivor Elliot.

I WENT down to the Tate Gallery for a short while to see the exhibition of paintings and sculpture by Paul Gauguin, which was first shown in Edinburgh during the Festival. This is a very fine exhibition which no one should miss. Several pictures, prints, coloured lithographs and letters have been added to it since it was seen in Scotland.

Gauguin, who was born in Paris in 1848 and died on Hiva-Oa, the largest island in the Marquesas group in 1903, has exercised a profound influence on the art of the twentieth century, and this exhibition gives one a fine opportunity to see some of the best examples of his work. Among the pictures are seascapes and landscapes of Brittany, a gem called "Winter: Rue Carcel, Paris, 1883," kindly lent by Fru. S. Kiaer, pictures painted in Tahiti, and several still lifes. Among those who have kindly lent works by this artist are the Musée du Louvre in Paris, the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Nasjonalgalleriet in Oslo, Lord Rothschild, the Hon. Michael Astor, Mme. Moeller de Laddersons, Mr. R. F. Heathcoat-Amory and Mr. Sef Lindquist.

★ ★ ★

MRS. DUNCAN MACKINNON gave a coming-out dance for her daughter Jennifer, which is sure to be remembered as one of the best private dances of 1955. It took place at Mr. and Mrs. Mackinnon's lovely country home, Swinbrook House, near Burford, and was really superbly arranged in every detail. A big "L" shaped marquee had been built out over the terrace. This was lined with snow white muslin, relieved with cherry red muslin around the cornice. Exquisite garden flowers were arranged everywhere, and clusters of fresh blooms were even effectively fixed at intervals in the two stone walls of the loggia, which was used for sitting out as were the library and other rooms in the house.

There were two dance bands and two dance floors; one band played in the fine panelled drawing-room and the other at the end of the marquee, where a roomy dance floor had been laid under a starlit ceiling. Here a green trellis with trailing plants separated the dance floor from the supper room, which came just below the terrace. There was a bar arranged at each end of the terrace, and small tables to sit at comfortably along the terrace and in the loggia.

Mrs. Mackinnon, very good-looking in an aquamarine satin dress with an embroidered bodice, received the guests in the large square

MRS. E. HAMBRO WITH HER SONS

BEFORE her marriage, Mrs. Everard Hambro was Miss Mary Lyon, daughter of the late Major Charles Lyon of Whitby Bridge, Yorks. Her husband is the only son of General Sir Percy Hambro, and is the director of a banking firm. She is here at her home, Hobbs Cross House, near Harlow, Essex, with their two sons, Anthony, aged eight, and Peter, ten



Eric Coop

hall with her very pretty daughter Jennifer in a flame organza dress beside her. Guests numbered around five hundred and included nearly all the young girls who have made their débuts this year, and several who came out last year, among them Miss Antonia Edmonstone, Miss Selina Hervey-Bathurst, Miss Elfin Soames, the Hon. Diana Herbert, lovely in pale pink dancing with Sir Thomas Pilkington, who was enjoying the last weekend of his holiday, Miss Nichola Cayzer who was staying in the house party at Swinbrook, and Miss Mary-Dawn Illingworth, whose brother Jamie was there, just back from Germany and about to finish his military service in this country.

Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham I saw dancing with his fiancé, Miss Gillian Hewett—they are to be married in London in January. Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham was there very pretty in a short sapphire blue satin dress, and I met Lady Zinnia Denison looking charming in

white, Miss Sonia Pilkington, Miss Tessa Foster, Miss Verity Lawrence who was having her own coming-out dance at her home in Essex the following weekend, Miss Henriette Crawley, Miss Matilda Mackintyre, Miss Anne Smith-Maxwell, Miss Elizabeth Kleinwort, and many of the girls I have already mentioned at Lady Monson's dance in London a few nights earlier.

MR. JOHN MACKINNON, who is with the Royal Scots Greys at Tidworth, was at his sister's dance and so were his commanding officer, Lt.-Col. Michael Borwick and Mrs. Borwick. Most of his brother officers from the Greys were there, too, including the Duke of Kent, Mr. Ronnie Cunningham-Jardine, Mr. Norman Arthur, Sir Archibald Edmonstone and Mr. Giles Plowden with his fiancé, and Lt.-Col. John Nelson our Military Attaché in Washington, who had flown back

from America the previous day for a very brief visit for conferences in Europe.

Among young men dancing were the Earl of Brecknock, Mr. Angus Lillingstone, who I saw partnering Lady Helena Hilton Green, Mr. Tommy Hustler, who is now working in the City, Earl Bathurst and his brother, the Hon. George Bathurst, both only wearing dinner jackets, Capt. David Bagnall, Mr. Obbie Waller, Lord Patrick Beresford, Mr. Paul Channon, Mr. Dick Gaskell, Major Philip Profumo, Mr. Ian Cameron, the Hon. Edward Biddulph, Mr. Peter Stormonth-Darling and, as with the girls, many other young men whom I have already mentioned at Lady Monson's dance.

Quite a few older guests were present, mostly friends in the neighbourhood who had house parties for the dance. Members of

[Continued overleaf]



Mr. Alan Oliver, who competed in the jumping, studying the timetable with his wife, formerly Miss Renée de Rothschild



Col. the Hon. C. G. Cubitt, of the Organizing Committee, returning to the arena with Mrs. Cubitt after one of the intervals



Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Douglas, was escorted by Mr. Gordon White

Continuing The Social Journal

Guests at a dance in Oxfordshire

the family included Jennifer's grandmother, Mrs. William Mackinnon, Col. and Mrs. Humphrey Lloyd, Col. and Mrs. Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Angus Mackinnon. Major and Mrs. Dermot Daly brought a big party, Sir Henry and Lady Lawson who were down from Yorkshire came over from East Isley with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Colling. Mr. William and the Hon. Mrs. Ekyn, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne and Lt.-Col. John Nelson came with Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Millais, who had a dinner party at their nice house at Kingham. Mrs. Millais was looking very attractive in black. Mr. Millais, who is one of the finest painters of horses in the world today, is I hear painting a picture of that wonderful filly Meld for Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher.

CAPT. and Mrs. Charles Ratcliffe I met in a big party with Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dunfee; the latter have just bought a house quite near Swinbrook. The Hon. Hugh and Lady Helen Smith were there in great form, also Lady Watson, Sir Donald and Lady Anderson, Brig. and Mrs. Scott Cockburn, Mr. Ronnie Wallace, who is one of the joint-Masters of the Heythrop hounds with Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, Mrs. Wallace, Brig. Roscoe Harvey, Mr. Pat Dennis, Col. and Mrs. John Smith-Maxwell, the Hon. Mrs. James Baird, Mr. Monty Lowry-Corry and his sister Patricia, and Brig. George Todd.

There were also quite a number of young marrieds present enjoying this outstandingly good dance, including the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer, Mr. and Mrs. John Savage who had come over from their lovely home, Bradwell Grove, and Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston who came with her brother-in-law and sister, Capt. and Mrs. Toller.

Pictures of the dance are on pages 90-1.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to Harringay for the opening night of the Horse of the Year Show, and enjoyed a really excellent programme. The seats all round the arena were packed, and I

hear that there was hardly one left for any of the afternoon or evening performances during the rest of the week.

First, we saw the final of the Jumping Competition for the Overture Stakes, which was won by Costa who, ridden by Mr. D. Beard, completed three clear rounds. Then came a splendid musical drive by six teams of heavy farm horses, and after that the final judging by Mr. Robert Hanson, M.F.H., and Brig. "Frizz" Fowler for the Small Hunter of the Year. They chose Miss J. Skelton's Silver Streak ridden by Mrs. Tozer, to whom Countess Fortescue presented the fine Jack Mytton Challenge Cup in the arena.

Judging by Mr. H. W. Dawes and Mr. F. Wainwright for the Hackney Pony of the Year followed. The winner was Oakwell Sir James, owned by the Hon. Mrs. Ionides, and beautifully driven by that magnificent whip Mrs. Haydon.

RIDING her own mare, Jubilee, Mme. Hartel from Denmark then gave an impeccable dressage display. This was followed by Horse Personalities of 1955, an annual feature of the Harringay show. Kilbarry, perhaps the finest horse trial champion in the world today, appeared ridden by his owner Major Frank Weldon, Captain of the British Horse Trials Team since 1953. Gay Donald, winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup and Zante, the leading police horse, were both paraded, also the champion Shire stallion, the champion Arab stallion and Holywell Florette, the champion harness horse for four years, with her foal.

Three little ponies, regimental mascots of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Parachute Regiments, three ponies that work down our pits, and Paleface, a hunt horse carrying George Tongue, who is in his twenty-eighth season as huntsman of the Belvoir, also paraded.

The evening ended with the finals of the Beaufort Stakes Jumping Competition. After the eighteen competitors, who had already completed clear rounds, had jumped the course there still remained five clear rounds. It was decided to jump this off against the clock, which meant greatly added excitement as the course was quite stiff. Mr. Peter Robeson on Craven A put up a superb performance, doing a clear round in 28½ seconds to win the event. Capt. the Hon. John Brooke also did a fine round riding Mrs. Garland's November Eve from Northern Ireland, but he just failed by a second and was placed runner up. The Duke

of Beaufort, who was present with the Duchess of Beaufort, presented the cup to the winner.

OTHERS enjoying this very good evening's entertainment included the Marchioness of Cambridge, wearing a blue fox cape with her flame red silk dress, and Col. Sir Rupert and the Hon. Lady Hardy, who were sitting in the front box with Col. and Mrs. Mike Ansell. Other spectators included Lt.-Col. James Hanbury, M.F.H., Mrs. Geoff Phipps-Hornby and her daughter Sally, Mrs. Lockwood and her daughter Susan, Col. and Mrs. Tony Cooke, Major Philip Pease, the Hon. William Rollo, Miss Fiona Myddelton, and His Honour Judge Maude with his wife the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and her daughter Lady Perdita Blackwood.

★ ★ ★

MR. J. DUNLOP, a newcomer to racing was—as he had been at Doncaster and Ballsbridge—the biggest individual buyer at the recent Newmarket Sales. He has spent over £100,000 on bloodstock in the past few months and is hopeful and optimistic that he has a classic winner, and possibly the Derby winner, among his purchases. These first October Sales were well attended and prices were good. Racing personalities present, some buying, some selling and others just watching, included the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn looking at some of the yearlings with Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass, Mr. Geoffrey Brooke, one of the most successful Newmarket trainers, at the moment second in the list of winning trainers, and Mrs. Brooke talking to Mr. Paddy McCann over from Ireland for a few days. Also Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby who were receiving congratulations on the good sale of yearlings from their Ballymacarney Stud.

The Marchioness of Cambridge was there, also Mr. Cooper Bland, who owns a very successful stud, Lady Irwin, Major Nicko Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Fergus Sutherland, Major John Alexander and the Earl of Carnarvon with his daughter and son Lady Penelope van der Woude and Lord Porchester.

The latter left before the end of the sales as he was sailing in the Queen Mary for America. His fellow passengers on the voyage included that fine sportsman Lord Barnby and his American-born wife, Mr. Ivan Foxwell the film producer and Sir Robert and Lady Sinclair.

BEST HORSES COMPETED UNDER THE FLOODLIGHTS

THE opportunity of seeing the finest show jumpers matched in the arena, and many other unique equestrian competitions, brought large numbers of riding enthusiasts to the opening of the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay and on the four succeeding days



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Christopher Fuller were taking an interest in the finer points of the jumping in the final of the Overture Stakes



Mrs. Tozer, rider of Miss J. Skelton's chestnut gelding Silver Streak, receives the Small Hunter trophy from Lady Fortescue



Left: The Show Director, Lt.-Col. Mike Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., with Mrs. Ansell



Left: The Duke of Beaufort talking with Col. V. D. S. Williams of the Organizing Committee, who was also President of the Jury



Right: The Marchioness of Cambridge was having a conversation with the Duchess of Beaufort



WINE-TASTING AND BOOKS

J. E. MORPURGO, Director of the National Book League, is an essayist who has edited the works of Lamb and Leigh Hunt, a historian and a broadcaster. He collaborated with Guy Prince, managing director of a famous wine firm, to choose a list of books on wine which the N.B.L. publishes this week

MIDDLE-AGE has its miseries: the blow to pride and breath which brings the call of "no-side!" in garden games with the children, at the demand of the constitution instead of the clock; the vain hope, vain in both senses of the word, that a new way of parting the hair will hide the bald fact that there is less hair to part; the certain knowledge that the miserable discrepancy between red and black in the bank balance can never be corrected by discovery of hidden gold or by sudden extravagant demands for one's services.

But middle-age has its consolations, and not the least of them is the pleasure that comes from helping to organize the fulfilment of some, at least, of one's own little dreams; a pleasure which the presence of unco-operative seniors almost always denies to the young. Thus it was that this week I was able to take private pleasure from a public demonstration of the force of an oft-repeated boast that no worthwhile subject is without its literature. Wine, to my mind and taste, is utterly worthwhile: its literature especially excellent.

LONG past are the great days when the Englishman drank his pint of claret to prove that he was an English gentleman, the days when malmsey was the stuff for poets to earn and for dukes to drown in, when every innkeeper could provide "a bumper of good sherry-sack." But still, Britain leads the world as a consumer of vintage-wines, and so it comes about that the greatest French wine-tasting is held not in the Côte d'Or, but here where the

smell and smoke of London is strongest, in a tunnel that passes for a street almost under London Bridge station. And here, this week, through the courtesy and good sense of the directors of Lebègue's, the National Book League was able to give to those fortunate enough to taste the wines an opportunity to taste also books on wine.

That books and wine are in harmony one with the other, poets—and priests—have known for centuries. In any competition for the most-quoted (and most misquoted) lines in our literature, those from the *Rubaiyat* which bring



"This should be good—that's cold tea"

the two delights into conjunction with a third, feminine companionship, must be well in the running for the prize. Despite his popularity, Omar Khayyám seems to have missed the essential point about both books and wine, for neither is the stuff of solitude; in both there is conviviality, a will to share the pleasures which denies misanthropy.

There may be writers who are great writers and great enemies of wine; it is even possible—just possible—to be a writer and tone-deaf or colour-blind, but good writing is the art of passing on the benefits of civilization, and good wine is one of the prime benefits of civilization. Reverse the theorem and it comes out in the words of Hilaire Belloc: "Wine—true beggetter of all arts that be."

TOSSED (as Elia would have thought to put it had he been writing of wine, his second love, instead of his first love, books) into the library of great wines that is Lebègue's wine-tasting, I knew the same sense of awed excitement that I know when first I go into a good bookshop or a fine library, the same certainty that time would run too fast for the pleasure, the same doubt as to where to begin.

Watching the professional and intelligent wine-tasters as they went about their business, I was struck, too, by the similarity between their art and the art of the intelligent reader before bookshop stack or library shelf. With approximately 150 wines on view, each can only hope to taste about twenty, and each makes no attempt to drink, but first holds up his glass of wine against a lighted candle to judge its colour, then sniffs portentously at the bouquet, then sips at the wine, empties his mouth into the sawdust, and is ready to pass judgment.

The music lover does not play over a bar or two of a symphony, then pass on to an extract from an oratorio and so to a phrase from a concerto, nor does the connoisseur of art look at one fragment of a dozen pictures before he decides which picture to buy, but the wine-taster, like the book-taster, senses his preferences by a dozen short and yet careful essays into experience. Watch a wily book-taster, and is not his effort very much like the wine-taster's? First he holds up the book, feels it, looks at the wrapper, slips over



the pages, has a quick glance at the illustrations, reads a passage here and there. (I even have a friend who sniffs at a new book, and swears that the smell helps his appreciation.) And when he has made these tests the bookman knows whether he wants to drink the whole bottle, and if he does he shuts the book hastily, rids himself of its taste lest it spoil his palate for the next, and lest, by over-reading at this moment, he ruins his pleasure in the fullness of the book.

For the selection of books shown at the tasting we held ourselves not to the wines of literature, but to the current literature of wine. The classics were there, Saintsbury, *Notes On A Cellar Book*, the book of all books in which the learning and wisdom of two arts comes into delectable alliance; Maurice Healy's sophisticated, Irish garrulousness, and that proof positive of the joy of good wine, good books and good company, H. Warner Allen's, *A Contemplation Of Wine*.

Wine-drinking, like reading, is itself an education, but, again, as with books, a man must be educated to its use, and so we brought the primers, the books for the beginner, by such erudite but easygoing teachers as Bon Viver, André Simon, Augustus Muir and Raymond Postgate.

BECAUSE intelligent drinking is part of intelligent voyaging, here were the geographies, the travel-books of wine, Alexis Lichine, *Wines Of France*, and Samuel Chamberlain's magnificent *Bouquet de France* to salute the distinguished French growers who so respect the Lebègue tasting that they come from France to London Bridge for the occasion, and such as S. F. Hallgarten, *Rhineland—Wineland*, to show them that they are not alone in producing fine wines—even, to the same end, Edward Hyams, *The Grape Vine In England*, and H. P. Hedrick, *Grapes And Wines From Home Vineyards*, "home" in this case being North America.

Because the production of good wine—and the similarity with books continues—is technique and trade as well as art, here on show were the technical works, stern, but touched with the civilizing hand of a subject that can never be dull.

The poets were in, Chesterbelloc roaring contentedly at their head; the novelists with J. M. Scott's fantasy, *The Man Who Made Wine*; the reference books of the Wine and Food Society, and, as the latest of all reference-literature on the subject, the National Book League's annotated list, *Books About Wine*, compiled appropriately by Guy Prince, who is managing director of Lebègue's.

So, for the first time, books have made their appearance, we hope neither arrogant nor too humble, among the classics of wine.

A TASTING IN PROGRESS. At the top, centre, may be seen (left to right) Mr. Guy Prince, the Marquis de Lur Saluces, Mr. H. Seymour Weller and Baron Elie de Rothschild. Bottom right, Comte Hubert de Beaumont and M. Pierre Ginesteb



"Better let him play through, Hartley"

Roundabout

Paul Holt

A SCOTTISH schoolteacher named Alastair MacLean has written his first novel, *H.M.S. Ulysses* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), and the publishers are so confident of your interest in it that they have printed 135,000 copies in advance. This is an extraordinary figure.

Mr. MacLean may earn £20,000 from the book and the film rights may go up to £100,000, which is more than porridge for a Scottish schoolmaster. Anyway, this is quite an event in the literary world and it occurs at just the right time, when winter draws on.

The novel is about the famous Murmansk run during the war, when British ships in convoy ran the gauntlet of Nazi Heinkels and U-boats to get arms to the Russians.

It was a brave and noble venture, during which, says Mr. MacLean, men already pushed beyond their limits by cold, lack of food and sleep, and tension, shepherded the convoy through the cruel northern seas past Bear Island and then

turned south to the port of Murmansk.

In the book the captain has tuberculosis, the admiral goes mad, an officer tries to murder a rating and this rating, when ordered to sink a blazing tanker, discovers that its skipper is his own father.

WELL, well. It didn't happen to me that way.

For one thing, we didn't have any warships to guard the convoy, except for one fussy little corvette, which behaved like a dachshund herding lazy sheep. At Hull, where I joined the ship in which I travelled, I was carefully taken care of by one of those delightful British majors who fought a fine war as transport officers, propping up the bar. It was through him that I met the captain of my ship, a jolly roundabout Welshman named Davies who quickly sold me two cases of Scotch whisky, in case the Russians might be thirsty.

The only villain on board was a rather grubby small steward who complained

the whole way about his union dues and the poorness of his love life. It took me a week to find out that rum was his trouble.

They put me into a packing case below decks to sleep; but I soon discovered that there were big tanks lashed to the wall of my retreat and, thinking that in heavy weather they might well break loose, I asked if I could sleep in the sick bay.

THE sick bay was a jolly little place on the top deck. It had two bunks and a round stove, one of those iron things with a tin chimney going up through the roof. I fetched the wood for it.

I slept there peacefully every night with a life jacket wrapped carefully around a bottle of whisky, which I took to bed with me in case I got frightened.

I didn't get frightened.

Mind you, we had some armaments. When we set off from Loch Ewe, which is a mournful great cavern of water, I discovered that there was a cheerful young man in a duffle coat at the stern manning

one of those pom-pom things and he obviously liked his job, for as we set out for Russia he was singing "Daisy, Daisy give me your answer do" and when we berthed at Murmansk some weeks later he was still singing this lilting song.

Of course, we had a spy on board, a queer and mean little man who would sneak up to the charthouse late at night to find out our course and where we would rendezvous the following dawn (for the convoy dispersed at night, probably from fear of bumping into themselves, with no lights showing). But we had fun with our spy, putting a false dot on the chart and then rubbing it out after he had gone to his bunk.

And we had no difficulty, either, in torturing him into buying us a drink before dinner, which he was most reluctant to do.

The food was more than I could eat and there were only two physical discomforts. The greater was walking on deck when the ice began to form as we approached the North Polar Circle.

The other was shaving in a rough sea. This was an order.

The captain, otherwise a cheerful and uxorious man, was as stern as a Squeers about this, for he said that if we grew beards they would freeze on our faces, a truly daunting idea.

It was quite beautiful at night, watching the Northern Lights begin to whip across the sky, and then again at dawn to see the convoy, with the fussy little dachshund of a corvette sniffing around, collect together, wait for stragglers and then begin again the solemn plodding way through rough seas to the northern tip of Russia, just beyond Norway.

As we approached the port a great grey Russian destroyer came out to meet us, which made the corvette rather cross, for the Russian was so big and important, but wouldn't come near us until we were about three miles from land.

Perhaps the Russians don't like the sea.

When we berthed, there on the quay were piles of valuable mechanical devices such as Asdics, for detecting submarines, and tanks and suchlike, neglected in the snow.

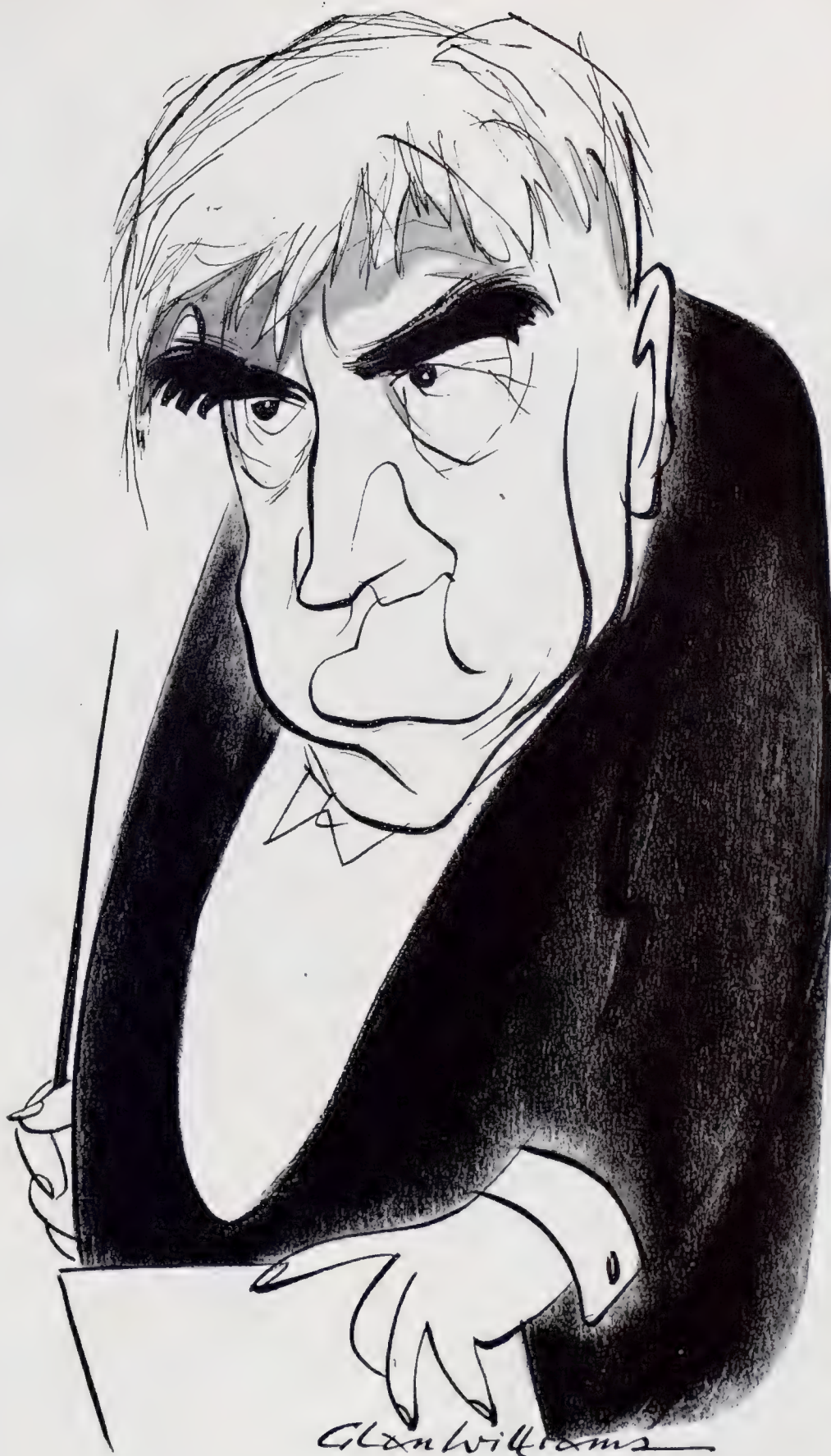
For either the Russians just didn't know what they were for or they hadn't the means to move them to their fields of battle.

It seemed a pity to have come so far and so perilously with so little result.

LATER, when I got to Moscow, I discovered how the Russians despised the aid we were sending them. They would light a match and hold it under a British tank and cry gleefully "See? Bonfire!"

As for admirals going mad, it certainly isn't true. For I met the commodore of the ill-fated convoy P 38, which lost twenty-eight of its forty ships, when he came to Moscow. And although he must have been under the greatest strain he was pretty sane, and there was nothing wrong with him that a few days rest and a glass of vodka would not cure.

He had both.



DR. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, O.M., celebrates his eighty-third birthday today secure in the united affections of his fellow musicians, whatever heresies or schisms may otherwise divide them. He represents the great oak of English music, of slow but immensely powerful and individual growth, and as his symphonies beguile the expert, his songs are close to the heart of English lyricism. Who, once hearing "Linden Lea," would ever willingly forget it? He has never been an ivory-tower composer, nor is he today. His interest in his art and what the younger people are doing in it remains as lively and informed as when he was himself struggling for the recognition now unstintingly given both here and abroad

EXCELLENT PRICES WERE MADE at the Newmarket autumn yearling sales, although there were not so many "bumper" amounts paid for very exceptional colts or fillies. The general average price was higher, and it was clear that the reputation of British bloodstock now stands as high as ever in the eyes of the world's owners, despite some postwar setbacks



Mrs. E. Cooper-Bland, the Marchioness of Cambridge, Mr. E. Cooper-Bland and Major Critchley Salmonson were just going to look at some of the lots shortly to be sold



Lord Willoughby de Broke was here talking over the results of a session with Colonel Harold Boyd-Rochfort



Lady Fisher and her sister Miss Bridget Holt were at Newmarket, looking for a suitable yearling to buy



Major Dermot McCalmont and Mrs. McCalmont came over from Ireland for the sales

At the Races

Sabretache

THE PEEP O'DAY BOYS

How fond we used to be of getting up while the stars were still in the sky in those days when, even if we were "green in judgment," we were still "young in blood," and how we hate it now! What did it matter if we had been dancing with the gals till long after that hour when graveyards yawn, and we had to get into our cubbing kit whilst it was still so dark that we were glad to be riding something with a big blaze down its face so that we could spot him in that dark and dewy dawn!

There is no doubt about it that the really best time of the day is "twixt starlight and the dawning"! What did anything matter when we were that hard you could not hurt us even with a hammer, when we really had the "glory of youth," but now have only "the consolation of age"?

ONE of my own favourite cub-hunting haunts was a lovely old house inhabited by a lightweight M.F.H. and his equally charming wife. It was one of those places where you can hear hounds "singing" until they were ready to curl up into that incredibly small heap that hounds can. Amongst its amenities was a haunted room, which originally belonged to one of the Master's Aunts Arabella about the time when Charles I was having his little difference with that hard-punching Roundhead and Arabella was having an *affaire* with a squadron leader of the Lord Protector's Oxford Blues.

Her husband, who commanded one of the King's crack cavalry units, got wind of it, and, as was customary in those times, so I have always understood, cut her head off with the very sword he had used in the cavalry pursuit after Edgehill, which is quite close to the Warwickshire kennels at Kineton. Such a pity he slew her, because,

from her picture, Arabella was such a good-looker! I never actually saw her, but if by inadvertence I slept on her side of the bed, it was any odds upon my finding myself rolled over to the other one by next morning. She must have been a very determined young woman, and it was so unfortunate about that Roundhead! However, that is her story!

To hark back a bit: how jolly we used to find it to be roused at that unearthly hour, hurry down to the big hall and some hot rum and milk, with perhaps a digestive biscuit (if you felt strong enough), then jog to the Meet with just light enough to let you see the tips of their sterno poking through the ground mist. Then the finding and the pursuing to the accompaniment of those hunting noises which we used to find so inspiring and which, no doubt, the people who are as young as we used then to be, still find uplifting.

Then home again; the tub which we hadn't time for in the morning; the brunch, for which we were more than ready; then our pet pipe, a fat chair and a still fatter sleep till teatime; then evening stables in a coat and a throttler if you were wise, because of the autumn nip in the air; then back to the fire to *bukh* about the new entry, and how like that nice young dog Crusher is to his father Quorn Cruiser, whose sire, Safeguard, practically remade the Quorn after that unpleasant incident with the Kaiser.

You wonder then why the dickens you are so stiff until you remember that it is all of three months since you have been on a horse at all! After dinner too tired even for bridge; an early bed and no time at all even for Arabella! A sleep that you could almost photograph!

Happy days, golden moments, gone for ever, alas, for some of us, but good to be able to remember! *Haec olim*, and so forth!



BIG RACE SURPRISE AT THE CURRAGH

A BIG field turned out to contest the Irish Cambridgeshire at the Curragh, and after a grueling race the 20-to-1 entry Cool Choice won by a neck from Bally Damian, with Mrs. Dale third

Mrs. D. Nicholson's Cool Choice (P. Coates up) approaches the winning-post, with most of the field of twenty-six still running strongly



Mrs. N. W. Cornwall and Mrs. A. M. Stewart were among the Northern Ireland racing devotees who travelled southwards

Miss Brenda Vickerman, Ireland's youngest owner, who had a runner, with her mother, Mrs. Frank Vickerman



C. Fennell

Lady Dorothy Mack (centre), the owner, from Clondalkin, Co. Dublin, was at the paddock, with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graves to watch the runners parade



Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bt., from Co. Limerick, with Mrs. Robert Elwes from Co. Meath. They are both owners



Capt. Ian Hume-Dudgeon, the show jumper, with the Hon. Annabell Hennessy



Mr. H. J. Phillimore, Col. David Raikes, Mrs. Raikes and Mrs. Phillimore were sitting in the hall between dances. The house had been beautifully decorated with flowers



Lady Zinnia Denison chatting over cocktails with Mr. Edward Birkbeck

A DEBUTANTE DANCE ON COTSWOLDS' EDGE

AT Swinbrook House, near Burford, Oxon., a most successful dance was given by (left) Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon for the coming-out of their daughter, Miss Jennifer Mackinnon. Many of the 500 guests came down from London. The dance is described on pages 80—2



*O'Neill
The Earl of Brecknock, over from Liphook, in Hampshire, in conversation with Miss Margaret Hills*



Miss Sylvia Colling, Mr. Ben Watson and Miss Caroline Vachell greeting the arrival of an acquaintance

Miss Charlotte Bowater was being partnered in a quick-step by Earl Bathurst

Miss Joanna Cooke dancing with Mr. David Wingfield from near-by Barrington Park



Also greatly enjoying this well-arranged evening were Miss Caroline Yorke and Mr. Barry Maxwell



Mr. Richard Keightley was in the specially set up dance marquee with debutante Miss Jane Peake



Cdr. M. Cunningham had been chatting in one of the ante-rooms with Mrs. Antony Norman



Mr. Christopher Loyd and Miss Valerie Lawson sitting on the staircase after they had had supper

At the Theatre

A PULLED PUNCH

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

YOU may find the differences between the run-of-the-mill revue and *The Punch Revue* at the Duke of York's mildly refreshing. If you do, you will very likely wish that there were more of these differences and that those responsible had gone all out in pursuit of the fresh formula of which revue stands badly in need.

What seems to have happened is that Mr. Punch, seized by the up-to-date notion of featuring himself in a sponsored programme, called into conference those of his



Emmwood.

KNOCKING 'EM IN THE OLD WATERLOO ROAD. A regal incident, featuring June Laverick, Alfie Bass and Paul Daneman, purporting to reflect Shakespeare as interpreted by the Old Vic in the tragedy of *Hambeline*

contributors suspected of having a latent sense of the theatre and handed over what they loyally wrote to Miss Vida Hope. It was then up to the experienced director to arrange and, if need be, to reinforce this material.

MISS HOPE was no doubt aware that lyrics which make a neatly satirical effect on the printed page are apt to sound a little involved and flat when sung on the stage. Evidently she thought it prudent to intersperse such lyrics with others contrived with familiar theatrical expertness. One sees her point, but in the event unfortunately it is mostly the literary lyrics which pay off, because their ideas have the ring of novelty, and the more conventional numbers that fail to earn their keep, because they are based on stale ideas.

The whole thing gets off to a bad start with a collection of songs and sketches which make familiar and uninspired fun of the Sunday newspapers' reliance on women, cash and crime for their subject-matter, and on the possibility that when interplanetary journeyings are everyday occurrences Venus will come to be regarded as a sort of Brighton.

IN charge of what was obviously hoped would be a safe start is Mr. Geoffrey Parsons. It turns out to be, for all Mr. Parsons's expertness, a desolatingly dull one. Half-a-dozen numbers pass before he touches a note of charming sentimental spontaneity in "Beneath the Judas Tree," which is nicely sung and poorly danced by Miss Sheila Kennedy. It remains for a *Punch* contributor, Mr. Alex Atkinson, to ring the first really resonant bell with a characteristic satire on a royal Nannie dramatically elaborating the obvious in her account of how remarkably like was the particular child in her perambulator to other children in perambulators. Miss Binnie Hale puts this across with terrific verve. Mr. John Betjeman follows up the advantage

with a pleasing sally at suburban social ambitions and with the love-song of a subaltern who is mildly surprised to find himself, after a little harmless flirtation, engaged to a woman whose athletic prowess he has happened idly and somewhat rashly to admire.

The advantage is firmly driven home by Mr. Paul Dehn's delicious parody of Shakespeare and the Old Vic Company. The joke consists in juxtaposing Shakespearean lines with exquisitely judged irrelevance, and having them delivered in a strictly orthodox Shakespearean way. Mr. Paul Daneman and his unwinking confederates help to bring it off quite perfectly. Here is the essentially literary joke which has all the necessary theatrical guile and bite, and it is at once followed by another in which Mr. W. H. Auden and Mr. Benjamin Britten cruelly mock the crooner's hysterically anxious search for the ultimate truth about love, and Miss Binnie Hale, as the crooner, aids and abets the authors in their cruelty.

THE *Punch* of Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge has been accused more than once of bad taste in its political jokes; and the set-piece introducing prominent politicians faithfully reflects this aspect of the journal's present temper. "Party Pieces" is not, however, particularly funny.

In fact, the whole entertainment is curiously uneven, balanced awkwardly between ideas that are already stale and ideas that have a promising air of novelty, but are too rarely driven home with real theatrical energy.

Personally, I found it better value, on the whole, than any revue I have seen for some years, but that is not saying very much, and I am bound to admit that there were some long quarters of an hour. The quickest quarter of an hour was perhaps that in which Miss Binnie Hale, throwing aside all her authors, theatrical and literary, invented her own dialogue in a series of brilliant impersonations of other actresses.



Emmwood.

MISS BINNIE HALE transforms herself into Bea Lillie, a torch singer, a loquacious Nannie, an Atom Age grandma, and Miss Margaret Rutherford



Angus McBean

MAJESTY ASSUMED IRENE WORTH, one of our leading dramatic actresses, will star in *The Queen and the Rebels*, which Henry Sherek is presenting at the Haymarket Theatre on Wednesday, October 26th. In this Ugo Betti play, set in a country in the throes of revolution, she has a strong, emotional role as Argia, a woman of the people mistaken for the fugitive Queen. American-born, Irene Worth made her first great success as Celia in T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*

STARS OF NEW FILM MUSICAL

VIVACIOUS Rosalind Russell (left), now concluding a short stay in London with her husband Frederick Brisson, co-producer of *The Pajama Game*, displays a new facet of her talent in the Hollywood musical *The Girl Rush* which opens at the Plaza in a fortnight's time. Her co-star is Gloria de Haven (right), and between them they infuse a vigorous gaiety which never lapses, into a film for which, it is said, the word "extravaganza" might have been coined. The plot concerns the booming hotel business in Las Vegas, and an obstacle race for a dazzling inheritance



At the Pictures

Elsbeth Grant

MISS HEPBURN EXCELS

I FIND it utterly impossible to accept Miss Katharine Hepburn as a plain woman. Otherwise I am all admiration and enthusiasm for Mr. David Lean's exceptionally lovely film, *Summer Madness*, in which this beautiful actress gives a Garbo-like poignancy to her portrait of Jane Hudson—a middle-aged, Middle Western spinster with a hungry heart and a host of inhibitions.

Jane Hudson comes to Venice in search of something she has never known—romance. She is bright-eyed with eagerness, tremulous with hope—but is it too late? She makes gallant little quips to hide her anxiety. When her worldly-wise landlady (Signorina Isa Miranda) tells her soothingly that in Venice age is an asset, she gives a breathless little laugh and says "If that's so, I'm loaded." And "Nothing ever happens to me—that's my history," she says, just in case nothing does.

SOMETHING, of course, must—or the film would be no more than a series of glorious shots of the Venetian scene, with its drowsy canals, dark alleyways, wheeling pigeons, casual cats, and the splendour of the piazza San Marco, by daylight dazzling, by night magical.

What happens is that Jane Hudson finds her romance—with an exceedingly handsome and wonderfully *sympatico* antique dealer, Renato Di Rossi (Signor Rossano Brazzi). It involves disillusionment and a fierce battle with her Middle Western conscience, for Di Rossi is a married man, and when she does at last abandon herself to happiness it is in the knowledge that it will be brief.

No romance has ever been more tenderly or heart-rendingly presented—except perhaps that (similarly doomed) of Marguerite and Armand in *Camille*.

Miss Hepburn's performance is remarkably sensitive and touching in the extreme. It is the performance of her career. I know of no other actress who could so tellingly

suggest loneliness, wonder, frustration, desire, fear, the rapture of love and the pain of parting—except, of course, Garbo.

THERE is a little good-natured fun at the expense of the incorrigible American tourist. There's a dear old boy who boasts that his travel agency permits him a full two hours of "independent activity" per day, a wife who ventures to say, in the tones of one aware of uttering a heresy, "I sometimes think a schedule for Venice is *wrong*," and, best of all, a raucous female who looks St. Mark's over and cries "Don't change a *thing*!", to which the guide replies gravely, "No, madam."



Katharine Hepburn takes a snapshot of her admirer Rossano Brazzi in *Summer Madness*

The picture has been lovingly photographed by Mr. Jack Hildyard in Eastman Colour—and I doubt whether you'll see a better this year, or any year.

MR. JACK HAWKINS, for so long in films the fine, upright fellow everybody admires, steps down from his pedestal to play an irascible furniture designer whom everybody treats as rather a joke in *Touch and Go*—a pleasant but rather too predictable domestic comedy from Ealing Studios.

Mr. Hawkins is employed by an old-fashioned firm and gets so hopping mad at

having to design ugly expensive furniture which only a Victorian could want or afford, that he impulsively resigns. He will take his wife (Miss Margaret Johnston) and exquisitely pretty 'teen-age daughter (Miss June Thorburn) to Australia and start life afresh.

It should be simple. Let the house, sell the old car to a trusting neighbour at an outrageous price ("It's not the money that counts, it's the lack of principle that matters"), find a good home for Heathcliff, the elderly, malevolent cat, and nip in the bud a calf-love affair between daughter and a penniless Polytechnic student (Mr. John Fraser). This, Mr. Hawkins knows, is all he has to do—but, as I am afraid you will foresee all too clearly, innumerable and insuperable snags crop up, right, left and centre.

Mr. Hawkins, clowns it agreeably, exploding into rage and subsiding into sweet reasonableness with clockwork regularity, Miss Johnston gives a charming tongue-in-cheek performance, Miss Thorburn displays talent as well as youth, and Mr. Roland Culver is suave and wry as the car's prospective purchaser. It's altogether an amiable little film—but not, I feel, really up to Ealing standard.

THOUSANDS CHEER a musical first seen in 1944 has, for some unfathomable reason, been recklessly revived. On my way to see it I tried to remember the story and, for the life of me, I couldn't. I now know why: it's easily one of the silliest stories ever filmed and doesn't matter two hoots, as its sole purpose is to lead up to a mammoth troop concert.

Mr. José Iturbi smugly plays the piano, his little hands scuttling up and down the keyboard like mice. Mr. Kay Kaiser cavorts roguely-pogue-ishly with his orchestra. Miss Judy Garland sings and the Misses Lucille Ball, Marsha Hunt, and Gloria de Haven and Messrs. Frank Morgan and Red Skelton are among those appearing in comedy sketches which are, believe me, no laughing matter. Mr. Mickey Rooney compères and looks terribly embarrassed: who could blame him?



TRANSLATING SHAKESPEARE into modern idiom is a task undertaken in the U.S. with gusto. The latest gloss, *Joe Macbeth*, is a gangster film of a high order. Above: Bonar Colleano as Lennie, the rebel henchman, and below: Ruth Roman shows Paul Douglas the use of a dagger



Television

JOY IN THE GARRET



WHETHER or not the new TV doubles the money of advertisers or of studio audiences, it more than doubles the chances of members of the acting profession. All but the topmost reaches of that profession have been suffering an even leaner time than the rest of the community. Nobody now need grudge satisfaction at seeing the opportunities for actors suddenly doubled.

Suddenness, of course, is an illusion. Actors have, in fact, been busy as beavers for nearly a year making films for I.T.A.'s stockpile. But only now can they be seen enjoying the new situation.

For the next seven days, hardly a day goes by without its dish of shadow drama. One of the most tempting prospects is Ian McCormick's TV play *The Rescuers*. Viewers will remember him as the author of that rarest of TV dramas, the fourfold cycle of *The Promised Years*. The B.B.C. has announced another new play by Mr. McCormick called *The Weeping Madonna* (presumably about the miraculous statue at Syracuse). But A.B.C. have got in first with a play about a group of four people stranded on the Persian Gulf, which sounds decidedly similar in theme to *The Small Victory* in his former cycle.

A RICHLY amusing prospect is the matching of Pamela Brown and Dora Bryan in *The Great Healer* (Sunday's "Theatre Royal"), as two chorus girls in 1880 and fifty years after.

Much the most stylish of the kind so far has been Robert Hamer's version of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, although Margaret Leighton is more decoratively than temperamentally Alexandra Petrovna. But the B.B.C.'s answer to all this canned theatre is, and rightly, live television drama. On Sunday begins another cycle of plays, *The Makepeace Story*, with a background of cotton. The first episode stars Clare Austen, and offers well-earned opportunities to Patrick MacGohhan, who was so impressive in Orson Welles's stage production of *Moby Dick*.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

The Gramophone



PARAGUAYAN TRIO

PARANA, Garcia and Barboza are the names of three musicians and singers who constitute the Trio Los Paraguayos, recently in this country for the purpose of familiarising Europeans with the music of Paraguay. They joined forces ten years ago, but lack of experience put paid to their activities as a trio until they came together again in Asuncion at the end of 1953.

This time they planned a full-scale tour of Europe, for which they received the official blessing of the President of the Republic of Paraguay.

All three are guitarists, but Garcia specialises in playing the Paraguayan Indian harp. This instrument, which he made himself, is of wood, has thirty-six strings, no pedal, and is diatonic, not chromatic.

LOS PARAGUAYOS play eight pieces, six of which are of their native land. The first group is introduced by "Maria Dolores," sung in Spanish, and the second group by "Malaguena," a very popular Mexican folk song. Both these are smoothly presented, but I found much more fascination in the Guaraní numbers, especially "Serenata" and "Receurdos de Ypacarai."

Garcia contributes two harp solos, "Misionera" and "Pajaro Campana." The latter, written by the great Paraguayan harp player Felix Perez Cardoza, is based upon an ancient Guaranian song.

This recording is one of unusual attractiveness, especially because it is in no way contrived. It is very well set down and equally well interpreted. The Trio Los Paraguayos is the kind of intimate act that the late Sir Charles B. Cochran would have not only enjoyed and appreciated, but have presented to the non-Latin-American world with that assured flair for success that was his alone.

One can but lament for these three obviously talented young men, that to-day there is no Cochran in any part of the world whatsoever! (Philips BBR. 8074.)

—Robert Tredinnick

BROTHER AND



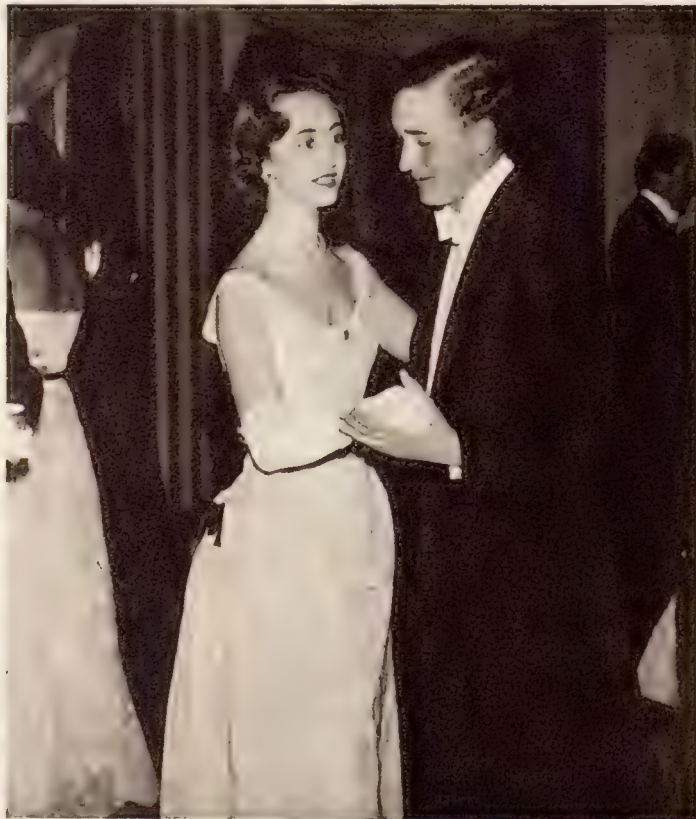
Lord and Lady Monson looked on while the Hon. Sandra Monson and the Hon. Jeremy Monson introduced the poodle Cognac to Miss Vanya Walker-Leigh



Miss Ann-Dickson refreshment



Miss Melanie Hoare, a relative of the Marquess of Bristol, dancing with Mr. Julian Watson



Lord James Crichton-Stuart, youngest son of the Marquess of Bute, with Miss Jane Illingworth



Miss Ruth Haggard having an amusing conversation

MASTER HAD "CARIBBEAN CIRCUS" BALL

THE ball which Lord and Lady Monson gave at the Dorchester to celebrate the coming out of their daughter Sandra, and the twenty-first birthday of their second son Jeremy, was pitched in a gay West Indian key, with a palm-tree background and Calypso singer, combined with circus themes. Jennifer describes it on page 80



Alderson taking Mr. David Buchan



Miss Sally Probart Jones and Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie



Miss Caroline Dodds, Lord Medway, the Hon. Clare Monck and Mr. Andrew St. Clair took time out for a short rest



Mr. Henry Villiers were at the ball before going to supper



Miss Jane Sheffield sitting on a roundabout horse while talking to Mr. Anthony Tancred



Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones and the Earl of Suffolk were among the dancers

Standing By

WIGGERY NOOK

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF you call any British politician a liar it is actionable, and you will receive frightful punishment. If, contrariwise, you say (as a fearless orator said about one of the big boys the other day) that he has "a short memory," you can apparently get away with it.

But not, we are able to announce after a chat with one of the Temple boys, if you say this about a politician smart enough to prove that being accused of a short memory brings him grief, pain, shame, hardship, loss of prestige, loss of dough (most important), social ostracism, jeers from rich women and blackballing from clubs. He will sue you for heavy damages and he will win, because—if he has any sense, said this wiggy boy—he will employ a good hardmouthed Q.C. with a brief marked "1500" and refreshers at 50. This, of course, requires a considerable outlay. As the great Blackstone said to the little actress, "Justice is not to be bought or sold, but it often comes pretty damned expensive."

The little actress said nothing, but just looked up at Blackstone from under her long silky eyelashes with a sigh of heart-rending pathos. "You tiny waif," said Blackstone impulsively, folding her to his breast. "You tiny, tiny waif!" (Slow curtain.)

Faëry

SCREAMING to a daily paper (don't ask us why) for "more romantic" ballet, a citizen may have seen the same Personal Column ad. which held our glittering eye the day before; a whole scenario of pure romance in four words. "Diplomat seeks Nursery-Governess," it began, and one saw the end of the search in a flash—the Diplomat dancing a victorious *pas seul* in his natty striped pants, the shy little

shrinking Nursery-Governess in her humble
poke-bonnet gazing up at him with big
radiant eyes. . . .

This would be the climax to a long chase, starting from the steps of the St. James's Club and ending in the enchanted Forest of Broceliande, where the little Nursery Governess, wearied by flight, has been lulled to dreams by the nightingales. She fled Piccadilly because she deemed herself unworthy. The spare, handsome, welldressed figure bounding after her over hill and dale, waving an immaculately-rolled umbrella, fills her with delicious terror, but a tall rosy lady here and there, in Greek costume, lately encountered in the forest, has patted her cheek and comforted her. "His *pourparlers* are sincere, if exquisitely non-committal," the lady conveyed smilingly with her toes. "Tell him Aphrodite relatively approves this *démarche*."

And so the little governess wakes up in Broceliande to see the Diplomat performing a series of *entrechats* signifying that—barring a *démenti*—wedding-bells will ring and the news of love's triumph will rattle the Quai d'Orsay and shake the Ballplatz. . . Good? What d'you mean, *good*? It's perfect.

Whodunnit

STAGGERING up an Underground escalator the other evening under the burden of a double-bass fiddle twice his size, a small, hot, cross musician looked to us

as if he had a body—maybe that of some tiny, faithless blonde—concealed in his instrument. We pass this possibility on to the whodunnit boys and girls, who seem to have overlooked it.

On discovery the musician would explain to the cops that the tiny blonde must have got into the double-bass by the rear-trapdoor to scrub and polish the interior in the ordinary way, and succumbed to the heat owing to a weak heart. The coroner would be fussy but not unsympathetic.

You say very petite women are regularly employed for this purpose in orchestral circles?
—Yes, once a month.

What do you usually keep in your instrument?—Spanners, cigarettes, spare socks, sandwiches, and so forth.

Apart from the two f-holes, there is no ventilation?—The Union says the cost is prohibitive.

What is the effect, musically speaking, of a body in a double-bass?—Well, it slightly muffles the tone, same as you get with the week's washing.

"This sad accident, gentlemen," says the coroner to the jury, "is, alas, an occupational risk of the kind," etc., etc. But the great Hemlock Smears is not satisfied. The cops and doctors have overlooked something, he thinks. At the end he leaves poor Inspector Flopson gaping like a flatfish. "You see, Flopson," says Smears quietly, "the head was missing."



"Well, what are we waiting for?"

BRIGGS . . . by Graham





Seated, left, Lady Elmhirst, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Thomas Elmhirst, Governor of Guernsey ; next, Mr. and Mrs. T. Frazer Mackie; parents of the bridegroom. Standing: Misses Mary Hunter, Pauline Clifford, Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, Mr. Patrick Corkey (last man), the bride and groom, Misses Diana Mackie, Dawn Mackay and Anne Barker

A WEDDING IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

THE year's great occasion in Guernsey was the wedding of the Governor's daughter, Miss Caroline Elmhirst, to Mr. Michael Frazer Mackie, from Co. Down, Northern Ireland. More than 300 guests attended the Government House reception



Mr. Jack Mackie in the grounds of Government House, with Mrs. and Cdr. H. Hutchison - Bradburne



Mr. R. Elmhirst, brother of the bride, with Miss Sheira Grant-Ferris



Cdr. Herivel, President of the island of Alderney, with Mrs. Herivel



Admiral Sir G. Nicholson, Governor of Jersey, Miss J. Nicholson and Lady Nicholson

SPANISH BRIDE

THE MARQUESA DE TAMARIT, who before her recent marriage was Senorita Maria Victoria Figueroa, and is the daughter of the Conde and Condesa de Romanones, is seen in her beautiful wedding dress by Balenciaga in her parents' house at San Sebastian. The Marques and Marquesa de Tamarit have been spending part of their honeymoon in London



Priscilla in Paris

THE BAG O'NAILS MYSTERY

THE autumn rush-to-produce, before the foreign and provincial visitors arrive for the opening of the 42nd Salon de l'Automobile, has kept the theatre critics busy this week. Busy and somewhat disgruntled, since the new plays are only fair to middling, while the revivals are excellent. Unfortunately, it is the former that must be criticised, and this, I fear, has induced in many a captious mood. Theatregoers have had other troubles also!

I will not say from which theatre I emerged, in a somnolent condition, well after midnight. The dreary farce that the audience had yawned through that evening will be wastepaper-basket history by the time this is read. Having coaxed my small *Elegant Elizabeth* away from the kerb without too much damage to surrounding fenders, we started for home.

FIVE minutes later I was putting on the spare wheel; a most unpleasant task on a greasy pavement when one is wearing a long skirt. However, these things happen. What was even less amusing was that another "flat" occurred, but, luckily, just as I turned into my own street. Heartlessly leaving E.E. to think it over, I went home, rang up the night watchman of my garage, and asked him to have her collected in the morning. Next day I was informed that

poor little E.E. was the third car to come home that evening in more or less the same condition. There were eleven nails in the first tyre and seven in the second. Big, flat-headed nails, rather like large drawing-pins. It seems that this is happening all over the town. Evidently the gangs are out. Transport strikers probably think that owner-drivers are yellow dogs!

By and large, owner-drivers have rather a thin time nowadays. If they do their good deed for the day by helping stranded pedestrians, they are strike-breakers. If they ignore the S.P., they are bloated capitalists riding rough-tyred over the deserving proletariat. So bewildering!

Even the birds of the air love us not. A flock of pigeons swooped down and played squatters in the avenue Paul Déroulède the other afternoon. It must have been at a moment when drivers were particularly tender-hearted or particularly timorous of contravening the by-laws that govern the use of klaxons within the city limits. It ended, of course, in a sensational traffic block! How Axel Munthe would have enjoyed the story.

Before the holidays we were rather obsessed by Napoleon as a screen hero. Sacha Guitry, in his usual grandiose manner, had him portrayed by two different actors in the same film. We accepted the Master's dictum until—recently—we discovered

what Marlon Brando can accomplish in the art of make-up. This autumn it seems that Marie-Antoinette is to be historical bill-topper No. 1, the Austrian-born Queen of France will appear in our ineffable Sacha's current celluloid epic: *Paris Mon Bien-aimé*. On the stage she will wring our hearts in André Josset's *Le Bal des Adieux*, and, again on the screen, she will thrill us in a Delannoy film from the script of Bernard Zimmer and Philip Erlanger.

In Sacha Guitry's film she will, of course, be personified by Mme. Sacha Guitry. It is a little difficult to imagine the frivolous but pitiable young Austrian with Lana Marconi's beautiful but cast-iron jaw and impassive countenance, but, without doubt, she will have presence.

ON the stage, despite her charmingly truncated little nose, Mme. Jandeline has quite a Habsburgian lower lip—what a pity Maurice Chevalier can't play the part—but if M. Josset's Marie-Antoinette is as fantastic a figure as his *Elizabeth-la-Femme-sans-Homme*, it hardly matters whom the actress resembles!

I think that Michèle Morgan will best content our imagination in the Delannoy-Zimmer-Erlanger picture. She has the ideal film face that can be adapted—even as the chameleon changes its colour—to every necessity of a rôle, and it is probable that her impersonation will be icily perfect.

ICY also was the cold douche enjoyed by the front-row spectators at the revival of *Pygmalion* the other evening. The apparatus that drenches the actors with "real" rain on the stage during the opening scenes seems to have rusted or got out of order during the holidays. Unexpected jets of cold water spurted in every direction excepting where they should have gone. The result was more amusing for the boxes and gallery than for the stalls!

Of the many revivals delighting Paris just now three are adapted from the English: *Pygmalion*, *The Love of Four Colonels* and *Adorable Julia*. Shaw, Ustinov and Somerset Maugham, while in a few days we are to have thrills by Agatha Christie and erudite eloquence by Christopher Fry. What *entente cordiale*!

Le pire, ennemi du mal . . .

● A good doctor allows his patient to believe in the illness he imagines he is suffering from, while treating him for the one he really has!



A PRINCE'S SON IS CHRISTENED

A VERY happy party was given at Egerton Gardens, S.W.3, when many friends celebrated the christening that day of Gregory, only son of Prince and Princess Yurka Galitzine



The Prince and Princess with their son. The lace shawl in which the baby was christened belonged to Napoleon, and was used for the christening of his son, the Duke of Reichstadt



Capt. Colin Dennistoun-Sword and Mrs. Nigel Ball were guests at this pleasant party in Kensington



Baroness Pascal de Flatow, a godmother, Prince Nicolas Galitzine, and Sir Roy Welensky, Deputy Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, a godfather. Mrs. Campbell Goulding was another godmother



F. J. Goodman

Lady Leslie and her husband, Sir Lindores Leslie, Bt., were there with their three-year-old daughter Jeanie



THE FASHIONS OF LONG AGO

THE true pathos of antiquity nowhere resides more appealingly than in the fashions of our great-grandparents twice or thrice removed. In *Hand-Coloured Fashion Plates, 1770-1899* (Batsford; 42s.), Mr. Vyvyan Holland has made a wide pictorial survey of a period whose invention and fancy in the realm of costume has never been surpassed. Left: Afternoon dresses, from "Wedding Bells" of 1874. Right: Ladies in plain calico morning dresses, from "Gallery of Fashion," 1794



Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

WASP WAISTS IN CALCUTTA

GOLDEN INTERLUDE, by Janet Dunbar (John Murray; 18s.), is a singularly attractive book. Its interest is, given its subject, obvious, but also there's the flavour of personality. This is an account of the six years spent in India by two Miss Edens, Emily and Fanny, with their brother, the second Lord Auckland, while he was Governor-General, from 1836-42. The ladies were tireless correspondents, their letters having the continuity of diaries: from these, and from actual journals, Mrs. Dunbar has built up the story. Use has been made, for the greater part, of the sisters' own exceedingly graphic language. Illustrations come from the sketch-books, whose pages the Miss Edens so swiftly filled.

Mrs. Dunbar's inspiration arose, she tells us, from the manuscripts which, in the first place, the present Lord Auckland let her read. Sir Anthony Eden's granting her access to family letters and papers allowed her, next, to fill in the background of the sisters' lives: she is further indebted to the Prime Minister for his permission to reproduce the portrait sketches of handsome Emily and of her lively nephew William Godolphin.

THE book, as it stands, could not have been written "from the outside." Impressions are recorded spontaneously, smilingly, for either well-loved relatives or close friends. Nothing perfunctory or trite appeared in a line of these letters home. The Miss Edens daily took up the pen not because they felt they *should*, but because they wished to. This was their outlet.

The departure for India had been a wrench: only for the sake of George, the beloved brother, was it undertaken. Passionately, up to the last minute, did the Miss Edens not wish to sail. Their lives in England were rich in affections, interests, delightful people. They loved the country and liked London. The very possibility of India, when it first came up, seemed to them too bad to be true. When they knew they

were to be going, the pain of pending good-byes was mercifully blurred by a rush of shopping—"Poor Goliath himself," Emily said, "would have been obliged to lie down and rest if he had tried on six pairs of stays consecutively. . . . It is so irritating to want so many things, and such cold articles. A cargo of large fans; a silver busk because all steel busks become rusty and spoil the stays; nightdresses with short sleeves, and net night-caps because muslin is too hot."

One recalls that these two faced a heat they found unendurable at the very height of the vogue for the wasp waist.



"EN BICYCLETTE." Another illustration from Mr. Holland's book. It appeared in *The Young Ladies' Journal*, 1899, and recalls the cycling fever at the end of the century

In 1836, when they set sail, both Miss Edens were in their later thirties. Emily, the more strikingly intellectual one, numbered among her distinguished friends Lord Melbourne; Emily, too, was closer to her brother—Fanny occasionally felt herself odd man out. Fanny, however, is somehow the more sympathetic of the two. She delighted in the company of her nephew William, that volatile young man with the curling eye-lashes; she shows a delicious sense of absurdity, and a susceptibility to poetry. And, she shows enterprise: she and a tough little lady called Mrs. Cockerell (not so very unlike Kipling's Mrs. Hawksbee) accompanied William on three weeks of tiger-shooting. "We moved six miles to-day, and all the way through jungles literally overrun with wild roses. . . . Just as I was disserting upon the exceeding beauty of one rose bush, a great wild hog rushed out of it and charged the elephant Mrs. C. and I were upon."

NEVER (in, at least, the eyes of Calcutta) had two less conventional ladies reigned in Government House. That vast, bald, baking building, in which the punkahs, by the Miss Edens' account, no more than churned up heat, became the scene of graceful festivities—in so far, at least, as the straitlaced guests allowed them to be so. Week-ends were spent in more attractive surroundings: Barrackpore—the Governor-General's country house, eighteen miles up the river from the capital. Here was a green-shaded park, and here flowers.

The tranquillity and refreshment of Barrackpore must have been necessary to Lord Auckland. Here was it that he could speak to Emily of the projects he had at heart and in hand, and at which many around him stood askance. There was his educational policy, for the Indian people. Decisions, also, were weighing upon him; he had taken up office at a crucial

[Continued on page 122]

PARTY AT THE TATE HONoured GAUGUIN

ON the anniversary of the artist's only known visit to London, in 1885, the Contemporary Art Society gave an evening reception at the Tate Gallery for a preview of the exhibition of Gauguin works organised by the Arts Council and the Edinburgh Festival Society. Guests saw sixty-eight paintings gathered from all over the world. Right: The floodlit Tate as it appeared to guests upon arrival



Mr. Denis Mathews, secretary, and Miss Pauline Vogelpoel, hon. secretary, of the Contemporary Art Society



Mr. H. Humphreys and Mrs. P. A. Kitson were among the 700 there



Mr. Bernard Powell, who is holding a London exhibition, with Mrs. Powell



O'Neill

Mr. Stanley Kroll, Mr. Teddy Tinling, who wore a bandana, and Mrs. Marina Wilkinson, with a lovely fur stole

Mrs. and Mr. John Roberts talking to Mrs. Colin Mann before going into the main gallery

Motoring

LOW-DRAG M.G.

RACING and record breaking are justified with more than ordinary vividness in the new M.G. two-seater sports car, which is to be known as the "MGA." Into it have gone the knowledge and experience that were acquired through the three cars which ran at Le Mans, and through Captain Eyston's car which obtained a number of records in the United States last year. It was to be expected, therefore, that chassis, power unit and external appearance would undergo changes from previous M.G. practice.

No doubt some lifelong M.G. enthusiasts will affect horrified surprise when they notice that this is the first of the open M.G. two-seaters to have a luggage boot; but as that feature goes with a harmoniously proportioned body, their surprise will assuredly turn to approval. Nor is the luggage boot a sign that the makers are weakening on the competition side. For owners who wish to push up the performance of their cars to competition standards, information and parts are to be made available from the factory.

THE specification includes the twin-carburettor 1,489 c.c. engine with pushrod-operated overhead valves and a compression ratio of slightly over 8 to 1. There is a hydraulically-operated clutch and four-speed synchromesh gear-box. The whole car has the flattish, ironed-out appearance that is now demanded of sports cars and that has, indeed, been imposed upon them by the developments in the shape of racing cars.

I have not yet tried the new M.G. but a colleague tells me that it will get within five or ten miles an hour of the 100 in touring trim. The company says that the external shape is the outcome of wind-tunnel work and the drag should certainly be considerably lower than that of the somewhat un-aerodynamic TF Midget.

IT is unlikely that there will be much opportunity when once the Motor Show has opened to do more than discuss the new motor-cars, and in consequence accessories and equipment are likely to be neglected. I am, therefore, seizing this last opportunity of mentioning an invention which is highly ingenious. It bears the horrid sounding but expressive name of the "Carbrella" and its purpose is to give the car a built-in garage.

In many residential areas it is becoming customary to leave the car outside all night—either standing on a bit of ground in front of the house or, in the less busy parts, in the road. Often no other course is left open to the car owners, because we in this country have been busily building houses and blocks of flats without adequate garage accommodation for years.

Some people are content to leave their cars unprotected, and in really dirty weather their appearance suffers severely. Others use a tarpaulin or waterproof sheet, pull it over the top and hope—usually vainly—that it will stay there in spite of wind and rain. The "Carbrella" provides a protective covering which is carried permanently on the car. It rolls up on the roof and can be stretched



MR. DAVID BROWN, maker of Aston Martins and Lagondas, Mr. Peter Satori, from California, Mrs. David Brown, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and Mrs. Peter Satori at the opening of the new David Brown Showrooms in Piccadilly

over the whole length of the car in a few moments. The inventor is Captain Hubert Broad, who for a great many years was de Havilland's chief test pilot.

VAUXHALL announced their 1956 models on October 3rd. The new versions of the Cresta, the Velox and the Wyvern had already been sent round to dealers' showrooms. There are no basic changes but there are improvements. The brakes have been modified to give more power and tubeless tyres are now standard on all models.

I like the Vauxhall announcement that fixed running-in speeds for all the new models are being abolished. There has always been some dispute about the value of running-in at low speeds. There is a strong argument that the speed is of less importance than sustained pulling under load. Allowing the engine to turn fast for short periods when it is new is less likely to damage it than forcing it to pull hard for long distances in the manner sometimes called for in Continental touring.

Presumably the best kind of running-in is that done by the "car-wife" who spends a large part of her day making short journeys for no particular purpose. That is not to say that short, start-stop motoring causes less wear than a long pull; but that it beds everything down more quickly.

FOR the 1956 models Vauxhall prices are: the Wyvern, £510 plus £213 12s. 6d. purchase tax; the Velox, £560 plus £234 9s. 2d.; and the Cresta, £620 plus £259 9s. 2d. I should add that one of the important features of the new cars is a wider

windscreen with narrower pillars, putting up the area of forward vision by 12 per cent.

The engines are of the over-square type with the bore greater than the stroke. The Wyvern has a 4-cylinder of 1,507 c.c. capacity and the other two models have a 6-cylinder engine of 2,262 c.c. The transmission has three forward speeds and reverse.

SUNDAY (October 16th), the day on which the Paris Salon ends, is Targa Florio day, and Mercedes have announced that they will be competing with drivers Moss, Fangio and Kling. This event will always be linked with the name of Bugatti, for in the early days the blue cars were so often masters of this difficult circuit. Then we had the cheering Frazer-Nash achievement and now we shall see whether Mercedes are going to prove that they are almost unconquerable no matter what the circuit.

German engineering has proved its worth during the past year and it deserves the highest praise and the warmest congratulations. There is no excuse for the envious belittlement that is sometimes attempted. Surely the manufacturers of other countries, our own included, should welcome keen competition.

Among the new models which first appeared at the Paris Salon but which will also be showing at Earls Court is the Simca Aronde Elysée. This has an engine of 1,290 c.c. which is stated to develop 48 b.h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m. The car has a four-speed gear-box.

— Oliver Stewart

Miss Cleone Douglas,
Mr. John Wood,
Miss Juliet Woods,
Miss Ivone D'Albiac
and Mr. Gale Coles
sat down for a
"camp fire" chat



Mr. and Mrs. Ian Trail took a glass of
wine together while resting between dances

WEST END DANCE FOR YOUNGER SET

FOR many of the younger
people a highly successful
subscription dance at the May
Fair Hotel was a stimulating
Little Season apéritif, before
the onset of the main body of
autumn and winter festivities



Above: Miss Valerie
Agnew, Mr. Michael
Lund, Miss Jill
Cotton and Mr.
David de Yong. The
dance was organized
by Elizabeth
Countess of Bandon



Mr. Tim Thornton
and Miss Tessa
Rusco, two other
guests who thoroughly
appreciated this ex-
cellently run dance



Miss Caroline Mawhinney and Mr. Clyde
Sanger were enjoying a slow fox-trot

Swatke



J. Kingsley-Lewis

TRIMLY-TAILORED AND COSILY WARM

THIS very adaptable high-necked cardigan by Braemar is made of the finest lambswool in six different colours. We have photographed it in pale pink. It costs 4 gns. and is shown above with a dark grey Terylene and worsted skirt, uncrushable and durably pleated, which costs 7½ gns. All the merchandise shown on these two pages is supplied by Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by

Mariel Deans



J. Kingsley-Le

Dressed up with deep-rose coloured beads and ear-rings from the large selection in the Jewellery Department, the cardigan is shown with blue printed velveteen slacks, price 4 gns.



Notice the high ribbing of the collar band, which is repeated in the cuffs and welt, and the way in which the raglan sleeves are worked into the neck. The silk square is from the Scarf Dept.



Peter Clark

Debenham and Freebody sell this Jean Dessès' - designed afternoon coat of black Persian broadtail. The huge black fox collar and the muff that goes with it are very much features of his autumn collection

A caftan in Persian lamb, cut on the new Dior line, from Arpad of Grosvenor Street. Narrow, elegant, as new as tomorrow, this is a coat for special occasions. The hat is from René Pavy



Creamy pale, bleached ivory beaver, makes this classically simple, double-breasted overcoat by S. London of Sloane Street. Here, we feel, is the perfect model for a Winter Sports holiday



FURS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Six coats from London furriers that provide handsomely for both town and country occasions. They show that London is well aware that many furs can be worked into beautiful and exciting coats and that a straight brown mink is not the beginning and the end of everything when we think of luxury furs

A short jacket of platinum mink by Molho of Brook Street. Light as a feather this little jacket is wildly becoming and snugly warm



A finger-tip length double-breasted box jacket in natural grey Persian lamb by Deanfield of Grafton Street. This well-tailored coat would be a good buy for town or country



Here is another good coat for double duty in town and country. Made of softly shaded beaver, it has a generous back and wide sleeves. From Lucas Furs, 37 New Bond Street

The short dinner-dress has come to stay

A FEW years ago, short evening dresses were hailed as an eccentric novelty. Women ranged themselves "for" or "against," and many predicted that it was a fashion that would never last. They have, however, won themselves a secure place. Whilst not attempting to replace the full-length evening dress for really grand occasions in restaurant, theatre or night club these dresses have a definite rôle to play

—MARIEL DEANS



Armstrong Jones

Grey-pink satin (we used to call it *vieux rose*) makes this dance dress by Cambell-Whitney. It is embroidered with iridescent and pearl beads and comes from Rochas of Grafton Street



"Carmen Jones," Ronald Paterson's flaming scarlet silk brocade dress, relies for its effect on perfection of cut, glorious material and quite the deepest plunging neckline in London!



John Cole

Peacock blue Swiss brocade makes this sleeveless dinner-dress from Woollands. It has a wide, rather high neckline and the long, close fitting bodice is shaped with gathers

Below, this rose-red, full-skirted dance dress comes from Chanelle of Knightsbridge. Chiffon swags decorate the lace skirt and chiffon is used again for the draped neckline



Armstrong Jones

Balmain's black velvet evening dress has a wonderful off-the-shoulder neckline. This is swathed with cream-coloured satin and blue grosgrain ribbon. This Elizabeth Henry copy comes from Dickins and Jones of Regent St.





An unusual Italian
suede and patent
leather handbag
shaped like a
barrel, price
£20 12s. 6d. From
French of London

Accessories reflect autumn's lustre



Gloves with wide flared cuffs (which protect the wrists when you are outdoors) made from fully shrunk Simplex with very fine hand sewing. From many leading stores, £1 8s. 11d.

WE show here some of the good things of the autumn now being displayed in leading stores—all in harmony with this glowing season.

JEAN CLELAND





luxurious "Indian Iris" Persian lamb set of collar, cuffs and belt, in delicate shade of mauve. Price £59 10s., National Fur Co., Ltd.



Above: Two contrasting pairs of Simplex gloves embroidered with self-coloured beads. Price £1 2s. 11d. per pair at many leading stores

Below: White ermine cravat, worn with square piece at front and two long ends crossed at back. S. London, Ltd., Knightsbridge, £44 2s.



Left: Engine-turned "Initial" compact with self-opening inner lid, and matching lipstick, £4 2s. 6d. Above: "Empress" compact and lipstick, engine-turned. When platform is removed, container becomes a jewel case. £4 15s. from most good stores





GOLD AND RUSSET LEAVES complete this coiffure by Alexis of Antoine, especially styled to echo the rich colouring and serenity of autumn

Beauty

Jean Cleland

In tune with the season

SUMMER has gone, and for a short space everything seems a little drab. The flowers have faded, the garden is damp and dreary, rain drips from the trees, and the skies look grey.

Then, suddenly, it is as if a magic brush has created a new "décor" full of life and colour. The trees are on fire with reds, golds and russets; chrysanthemums enchant us with their tawny shades and tangy scent. Brilliant asters and great clumps of Michaelmas daisies make splashes of colour again in the garden. Could anything be more glorious than this autumnal glow?

Life, too, has its seasons, of which autumn is by no means the least attractive. To realize that its charm is different from that of spring or summer, is a step in the right direction. To be in harmony with this lovely season is the ultimate secret.

TO achieve harmony, certain subtle changes may have to be made, starting with that all important focus point, the hair. Take a look in the mirror, and study it carefully. Is it not quite as becoming as it used to be? Time then for a change. Let a good hair stylist create a new "décor"; it may be just the thing to give you the uplift you need.

What about the colour? Perhaps it is looking drab and a little faded. One of the new colour rinses can soon change all that. No need for anything drastic. These rinses that go on after the hair has been washed are so subtle that the

effect is elusive. All you know when your hair has been dried and dressed is that there is a new burnish and a glow which, together with soft lights, are all infinitely attractive. White and grey hair, too, can be enhanced and brought to life by the same means.

I was talking to an artist on this subject, Alexis of Antoine, who said: "Attractive hair is not necessarily a gift of Nature any longer. Nowadays, hair beauty is within the reach of all women who have the desire to achieve it." A very heartening thought. "The trouble is," he went on, "that a great number of women are not sufficiently aware of two things. One, that an otherwise smart appearance may be consistently marred by hair that is negative in colour. Two, that attention paid to glamorizing the hair, is every bit as rewarding as any other form of beauty treatment."

WE went on to talk of the mid-brown shade of hair which, not so long ago, was the "Cinderella" type, being neither one thing nor the other. "This," said Alexis, "can now be transformed to something of real beauty. By the modern methods of delicate coloration, the warm glow of autumn can be reflected in hair that has been getting dull and colourless. For those who tend towards blonde, there are such lovely shades as "Sherry Glow" and "Amber Light." If the colour is darker, it can be burnished with "Chestnut Glint" or "Tawny Red."

To give the final touch for evening, Alexis decorates the hair with autumn leaves, which look equally attractive for the young or the older woman. As you will gather from the picture above,

these leaves make an essentially decorative motif which can be used with a variety of effects, on many different occasions. They draw attention, strike a note of their own, without being *outré*.

Having settled the hair, take another look in the mirror at the face, more particularly at the contours. In most instances, it is the contours that let us down as we grow older. The looks droop, and this is due to the muscles getting slack. That they can be braced up and strengthened has been proved by the many older women who have *learned how*, and have taken the trouble to do it. Patting and pinching are the keys to the secret, and this is the method:

AFTER cleansing the face, give it two or three minutes brisk patting all along the contours. This can be done with a firm wad of cotton wool or with a special pater, or just with the hand. The great thing is to pat until the skin is glowing, and the lazy muscles have been wakened up and brought to life. Start under the chin, and, leaning over a basin, splash cold water up, and pat hard. For this I think the back of the hand is the best method. Next, pat (with the wool pad, the pater, or the flat of the hand) all along the jawbone up to the ears, first on one side of the face and then on the other. Lastly, pat from the chin *up* to the corners of the mouth and *in* towards the nose.

After the patting comes the pinching. Start again at the chin, and with the fingers on top, and the thumb underneath, give little short hard pinches right along the jawbone up to the ears. This may sound childish, and a bit rough on your face, but believe me it is really effective. The flesh at this point can stand pinching, and the result is nothing but good. Try it every day for a while, and you will see how, after a time, your face begins to firm up and take on a more youthful look.

FOR the further firming up of the entire face—in addition to the contours—nothing is better than moulding it with one of the excellent "Uplift" preparations specially created for this purpose. I have mentioned them before, but I do so again, because I confidently believe that for all older women they should be part of the autumn programme. Three, which have all proved excellent, are Elizabeth Arden's "Firmo-Lift," Helena Rubinstein's "Contour Lift" and Yardleys' "Captive Beauty."

Finally, make-up. Use this sparingly and apply it as *delicately as possible*. Too much make-up is apt to look hard, and this is definitely ageing. Choose soft colours and ask to see some of the new rose shades and subtle pinks that are now so popular. When you have followed these instructions you will find on glancing towards your looking glass that it holds no end-of-season terrors or apprehensions. You will be "tuned up" to find stimulation instead of depression in the colder days and darker nights, and to regard them as an effective contrast to the gaiety they will surely bring, rather than as a vexatious aftermath to a glorious summer.

So always bear in mind the golden rule. Be gentle with your looks and time will be gentle with you.





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for the
small lady**

Beautifully cut, slim fitting cocktail
dress in heavy untarnishable gold
and blue or green and blue lamé.

5' 2" and under
in hip sizes 34, 36, 38.

16 gns.

Debenham & Freebody
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LANgham 4444

Peter Clark



Fayer
Miss Catherine Margaret Bucknall, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. R. Bucknall, of Mayfield, Sussex, and Mrs. M. Bucknall, of Biddenden, Kent, is engaged to Mr. David G. W. Barham, son of Mr. H. A. Barham, of Rolvenden, Kent, and Mrs. E. K. Brown, of Southcote, Suffolk

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Fayer
Miss Sally Brickwood, elder daughter of Sir Rupert Brickwood, Bt., and Lady Brickwood, of Little Boarhunt, Liphook, Hants, is to marry Mr. Nigel W. S. Yonge, son of the late Major E. Yonge, of Wimpole Street, W.1, and Bexley Hill, Sussex, and of the late Mrs. Kythé Yonge



Miss Felicity June Ingleby-Mackenzie, only daughter of Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie, of South Terrace, Thurloe Square, S.W.7, is engaged to Mr. Kenneth Austin Evers, of Godfrey Street, S.W.3, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Evers, of Chippenham, Wilts

Lenare

Miss Charlotte Strachey, daughter of Mrs. Isabel Strachey, of Oakley Street, Chelsea, London, S.W.3, has announced her engagement to Mr. Anthony Blond, son of Major Neville Blond, C.B.E., of Orchard Court, Golden Square, W.1



Lady Amabel Yorke, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, of Rockley Manor, Marlborough, and Egerton Place, S.W.1, is engaged to the Hon. Patrick Lindsay, second son of the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, Balcarres, Colinsburgh, Fife



Baron

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*You don't
fill it —
you load it!*



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You don't fill it : you load it with an unbreakable cartridge of ink. A completely dry operation—quick and clean with no surplus ink to wipe off. You could fill C/F in the dark ! As you replace the barrel the cartridge is automatically pierced and the pen writes, at once, with wonderful smoothness.

JEWEL-LIKE C/F, the cleverest pen in the world, is also quite the best looking. Nothing could be more elegant than its slender lines, the rich inlaying, the clip of new design.

COSTLY Not cheap in any sense of the word—the price is £5.15.6, or with matching pencil £7.17.6.

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Tresta — created in Moss Green and Platinum

Another beautiful Cashmere

by
Ballantyne
 OF PEEBLES



AT HARVEY NICHOLS



OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE & BOURNEMOUTH



Russell—Fife. Dr. Maurice Hugh Russell, son of Sir John and Lady Russell, of Campsfield Wood, Woodstock, Oxon, married Miss Jean Knox Fife, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fife, of Dormers, Kilmaurs, Ayrshire, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Nottingham

Right:

Dobson—Woodburne. Mr. Benjamin G. P. Dobson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. P. Dobson, of Heaton Lodge, Bolton, and Whitestock Hall, Haverthwaite, Lancs, married Miss Bridget R. Woodburne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. C. Woodburne, of Malton Cottage, Haverthwaite, at Cartmel Priory



THEY WERE MARRIED



Sanders—Pedder. Mr. David Sanders, only son of the Rev. H. M. and Mrs. Sanders, of Facombe Rectory, near Andover, Hampshire, married Miss Susan Pedder, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pedder, of Fieldgate Close, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, at the Church of St. Nicholas, Kenilworth



zu Hohenlohe-Langenberg—Fuerstenberg. Prince Alfonso zu Hohenlohe-Langenberg, son of the late Prince Maximilian zu Hohenlohe-Langenberg, married Princess Ira Fuerstenberg, daughter of Prince T. Fuerstenberg and Princess Claire Fuerstenberg, in Venice



Bellier—Barbaro of St. George. M. Pierre Bellier, son of M. and Mme. Alfred Bellier, of Chemin du Château, Vaucresson, France, married the Noble Cecilia Barbaro of St. George, daughter of the Most Noble Marquis and Marchioness Barbaro of St. George, of Malta, at Stella Maris Church, Sliema

Right:

Craigmyle—Rich. Lord Craigmyle, of Hill Street, W.1, son of the late Lord Craigmyle, and Margaret Lady Craigmyle, of Fairnilee House, Galashiels, married Miss Anthea Esther Christine Rich, daughter of Canon and Mrs. Edward Rich, of Padbury, Buckinghamshire, at St. James's, Spanish Place



DINING IN

Imperishable-memory soup

IT would seem that all coastline countries, except our own, specialize in fish soups. Once tasted, you will never be satisfied until you have added a few to your repertoire.

Bouillabaisse, of course, is the most famous. Generally, however, cookery books tell us that we cannot make it in this country, because we cannot get the special Mediterranean fish, particularly rascasse. This is a pity because, with the supplies available, we can make excellent fish soups and quite a creditable *bouillabaisse*.

This summer, to my delight, the chef in our hotel made the "twin" of a fish soup we always get at a famous restaurant elsewhere along the Côte d'Azur. He gave me his recipe. It is charmingly vague, but near enough for an enthusiast to follow.

FOR four to five people, chop a Spanish onion and slice the white part of a good-sized leek. Gently cook these together in a tablespoon or so of olive oil. Add 2 to 3 chopped cloves of garlic, a small piece of fresh fennel, 2 chopped skinned and deseeded large tomatoes, a *bouquet garni*, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint inexpensive dry white wine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints hot water, a pinch or two of saffron, and crushed rock salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Cover and boil hard for 15 minutes.

Add 4 to 5 kinds of different fish—a piece of conger eel (say $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.), a small whiting, a small mackerel and a red mullet or gurnet. Boil for 20 minutes, when the fish should be soft enough to be rubbed and strained with the stock through a fairly fine sieve. This soup need not be thickened but, if it is on the thin side, work $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour into a good $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. butter and crumble the mixture into the soup. Just bring to the boil, reduce the heat and simmer for a few minutes.

Place small rounds of French bread or dinner rolls in each plate and ladle this never-to-be-forgotten soup over them.

The chef used this soup as a basis for his *bouillabaisse*. After returning the strained stock to the fire, he added conger eel, John Dory and red mullet and gently cooked them in it. (I add 3 sliced Pacific prawns.) The fish was served separately, so that it could be skinned and boned and each person could then add to the soup such flesh as he or she desired.

There is a delicious but hot—that is, pungent—paste called *rouille* to be added at the table to the *bouillabaisse*. Crush together in a mortar 1 to 2 fresh red chillies, 2 to 3 cloves of garlic, rock salt and freshly milled black pepper to taste. Work to a paste and stir the mixture into a little mayonnaise—for 4 to 5, 2 tablespoons should be enough, as the *rouille* is so fiery. Some cooks also work in a tablespoon or so of flaked cooked fish.

CREAM of Haddock Soup has long been one of my favourite fish soups. Start by having a smoked haddock for breakfast. Wash it well and cover it deeply with milk. Slowly bring this to the boil on top of the cooker, then simmer for a few minutes and the fish is ready—or cook it in the oven. Allow a tablespoon or so of the milk for each serving of the haddock. Reserve the remainder, together with a small cup of the flaked cooked fish, for the soup (for 4).

Melt a tablespoon or so of butter in a soup pot and, in it, gently cook a chopped onion until translucent. Add a pinch of paprika and a deserts spoon of plain flour and simmer for a few minutes. Into this stir the haddock-milk stock and, if necessary, enough hot water to make 4 servings. Taste and season with freshly milled pepper and celery salt. Finally, add the flaked haddock, heat through and serve with thin toast.

—Helen Burke



Ivon de Wynter
N. HERBODEAU (left) who has a controlling interest in L'Écu de France, in Jermyn Street, discusses a wine with his manager Paul (M. Lehrian). M. Herbodeau was for many years one of Escoffier's pupils at the Carlton, where Paul was head waiter for eighteen years

DINING OUT

A sprinter from Putney

IF there is room in my car and I see somebody running, I usually pull up alongside and ask them if they would like a lift. One does not expect to pick up a complete stranger in this way and eventually find oneself lunching with him at his club. But this occurred recently when I stopped and gave a lift to a gentleman sprinting over Putney Bridge and took him to his destination.

He seemed to regard my efforts as an act of the greatest courtesy, out of all proportion to the deed, and asked for my card, the result being that some days later I found myself lunching at the Press Club with Philip Paneth de Panay, author, biographer, journalist and man of ideas, who is President of the American International Academy.

LUNCHING in many clubs is a chancey affair; some of our great clubs are notorious for their bad food—frequently due to circumstances beyond their control, such as huge and ancient buildings, with kitchens immense distances from the dining-room, the difficulty of obtaining staff, and so forth.

Not so with the Press Club. Everything is on tap, more or less in the dining-room itself. The food is excellent and extremely reasonable in price, as is their very adequate wine list. The service is supervised with enthusiasm by Charles Lazenby who served his apprenticeship at the Trocadero and in Switzerland. He has been at the club for ten years, and (to make it a really family affair) is the son of Albert Lazenby, who has been its secretary for twenty-six years.

They pride themselves on serving meals from midday to midnight, which is a godsend to journalists, so many of whom have to keep erratic hours.

THE Institute of Directors has a large and magnificent house in Belgrave Square, and here, too, I lunched for the first time. Having gathered together no fewer than 17,000 members they have now acquired a similar building next door, which is in the course of much alteration and redecoration, one of the results being that the restaurant and bars can be greatly enlarged.

The catering is organized by Peter Merchant, who have installed a manager of considerable experience, A. C. Scott, who was for seven years in the Ritz Grill under Gian Luzio and for thirteen years at L'Écu de France. They employ a first-class chef and the food is up to the standard you would expect: *Tournedos Chasseur* 10s. 6d., *Suprême de Volaille Maryland* 12s. 6d., *Poulet Roti au Lard* 10s. 6d., etc., and, given notice, anything you may desire. The wine list is extremely short but very well chosen, both in quality and range. The management of the Institute is in the hands of Sir Richard Powell, Bt., M.C.

ALSO for the first time I lunched at the Washington Hotel in Curzon Street, which has an extremely attractive dining-room in blue and white with very restful lighting. Here you can indeed wine and dine in comfort because they have the good sense to allow considerable space between the tables.

The *maitre chef*, Firmeno Grasso, was for twenty-five years at the Café Anglais, the result being a wide choice of all the Continental dishes supported by basic English roasts, grills and sea foods.

As with all the West End hotels your bill is what you make it. It can be anything from fifteen shillings to a fiver. The wine list starts at 11s. for a half bottle and wends its way upwards.

The Washington should certainly appeal to our American guests as every room has a radio, running iced water, television if required, and there is, of course, a smart cocktail bar. The management is in the hands of Maurice Menard, a Frenchman by birth and a hotelier by choice and profession, having had twenty-one years experience in France, from Marseilles to Le Touquet.

—I. Bickerstaff



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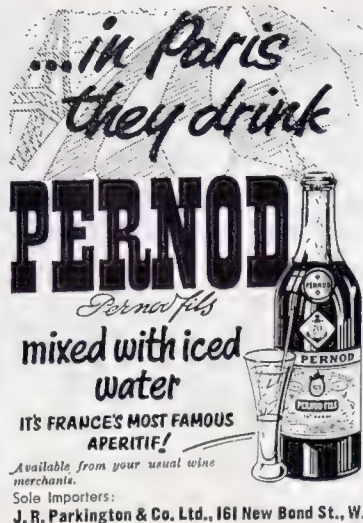
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EARL AND COUNTESS NELSON chatting with Mr. Alistair Maclean (left) at a cocktail party given by the Book Society at their Grosvenor Place headquarters to mark the publication of their October choice *H.M.S. Ulysses* (Collins), Mr. Maclean's first novel

Book Reviews (Continuing from page 102)

The ladies remained calm

time. India was overhung by the advancing shadow of Russia. Lord Auckland's much criticised policy was designed to meet the threat. He based hopes, too, on a better understanding of India: it was with this in mind that he undertook the two years' upcountry journey, on which he was accompanied by his sisters.

Those traveling years were to constitute, for the Miss Edens, a glittering kaleidoscopic dream, with now and then a touch of nightmare about it. Gorgeous State visits alternated with chill nights camping under the stars. Frightened of nothing, the clear-eyed ladies could be appalled—here were customs, superstitions, observances they found hard to reconcile with humanity.

Simla charmed them: snow fell, there were gardens. Hearing a bird sing, Fanny wept. Their deep, fierce, unappeasable homesickness, all these years, was a thing they never admitted to one another: in a way, their silence kept them apart. . . . *Golden Interlude* does not quite end with the return to England: the aftermath is feelingly touched in by Mrs. Dunbar.

* * *

FROM time to time we have authors who wield two pens. J. I. M. Stewart, novelist, is Michael Innes when he writes detective stories. This time, we're considering Mr. Stewart, who (already author of *Mark Lambert's Supper*) goes on to give us *The Guardians* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.).

The Guardians is a parody of Henry James. Like all good parodies, it's a tribute—never a mock-making, simply a flourishing exercise in the Henry James manner. And the subject is so suitable to Henry James that the great master has, indeed, already made use of it, in *The Aspern Papers*. The pursuit of literary remains provides, however, inexhaustible drama. For his setting, Mr. Stewart gives us Oxford, Oxford today—and what could be better? Here is a time-honoured fortress of human oddity, as nobody knows better than Mr. Stewart, who in yet another capacity is an Oxford don.

OUR hero is American Mr. Quail—business magnate with a literary-research sideline. Quail returns to Oxford (returns in the sense that twenty-five years ago he was a Rhodes Scholar) hoping to acquire the journals and other papers of a famous aesthete, one Fontaney. On Fontaney, Quail has already written a book. He is *not*, he finds, the only researcher interested in approaching the dead genius's spinster daughters, who dwell on piously in the museum atmosphere of their late father's North Oxford home.

Mr. Quail finds himself up against the phoney present Warden of his former college, the Warden's wife, and the College's Senior Tutor. Nor are the Miss Fontaneys easy going. *The Guardians* abounds in turns and twists, showdowns, let-downs, and humour of a rich-pickled University kind. Few will be those who do not enjoy it.

Readers of The TATLER can obtain single-copy reading cases, inscribed with title on the front, for 10s. post free. Those requiring them should apply to, The Publisher, The TATLER, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2.

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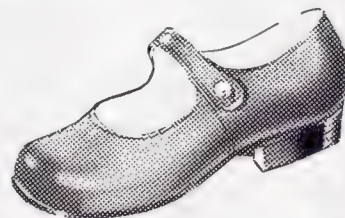
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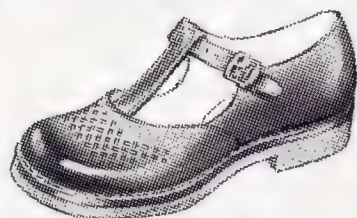
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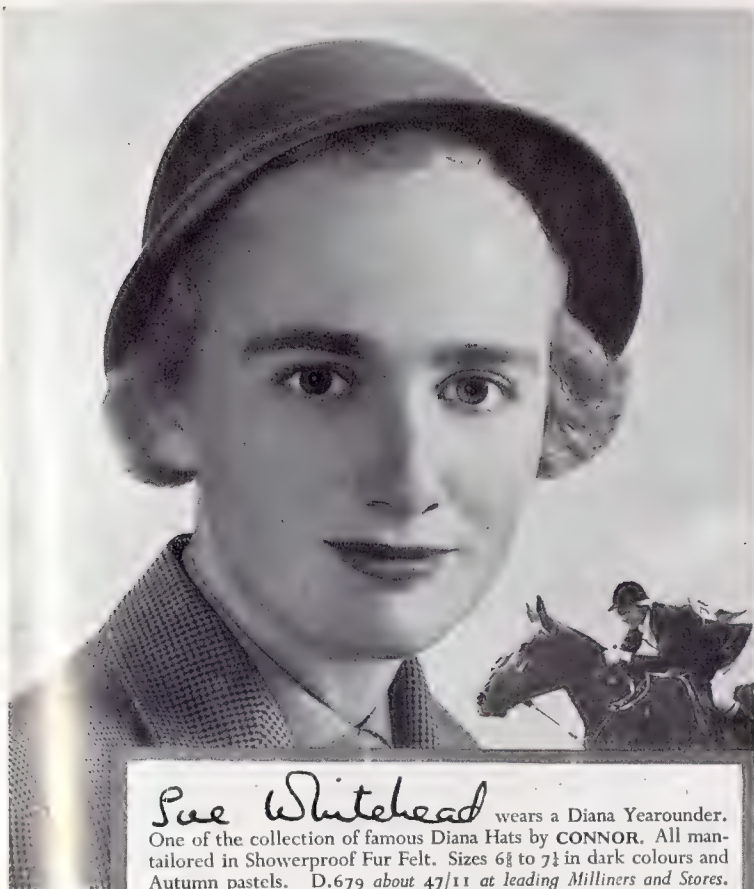
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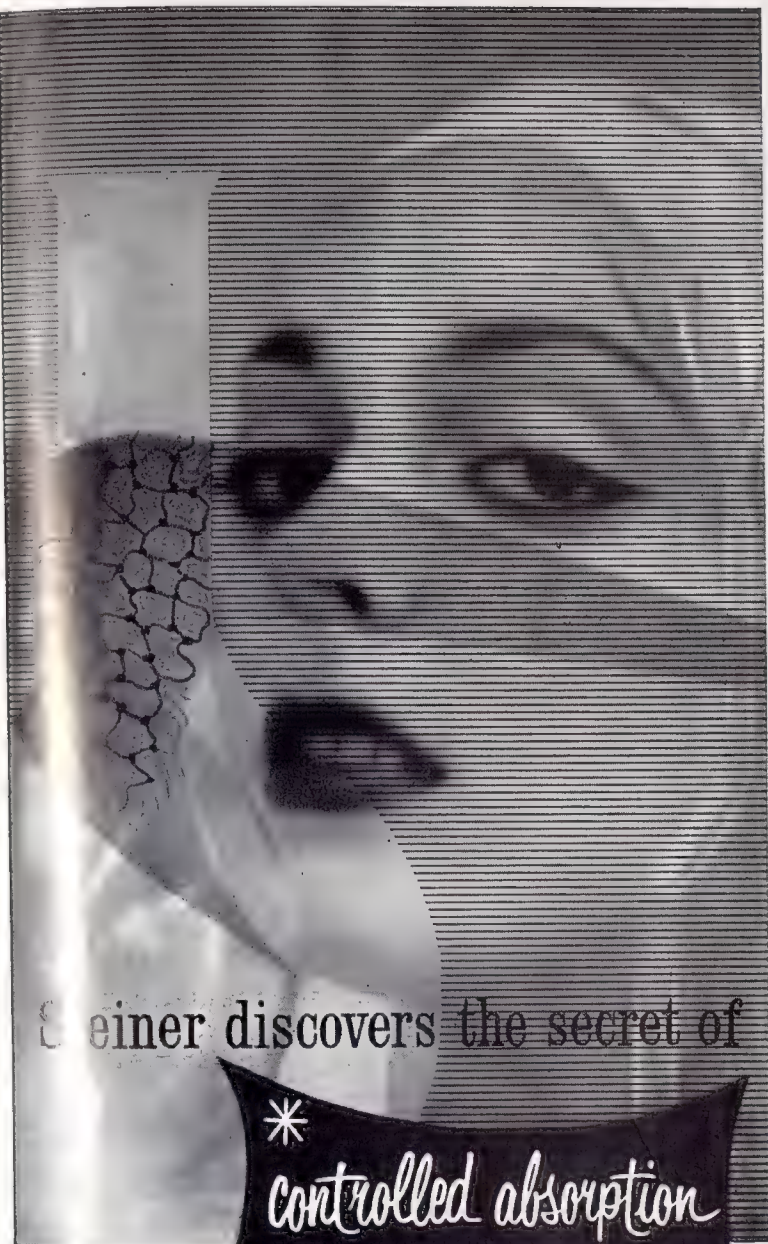
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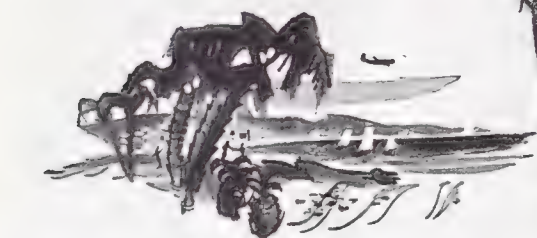
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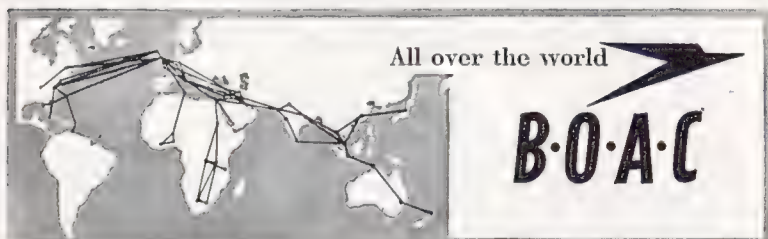


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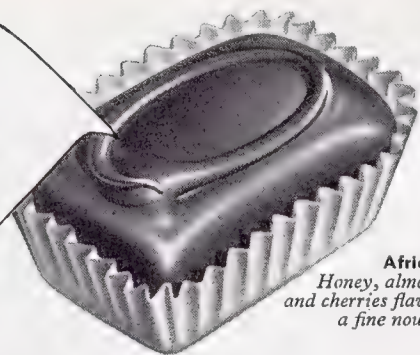


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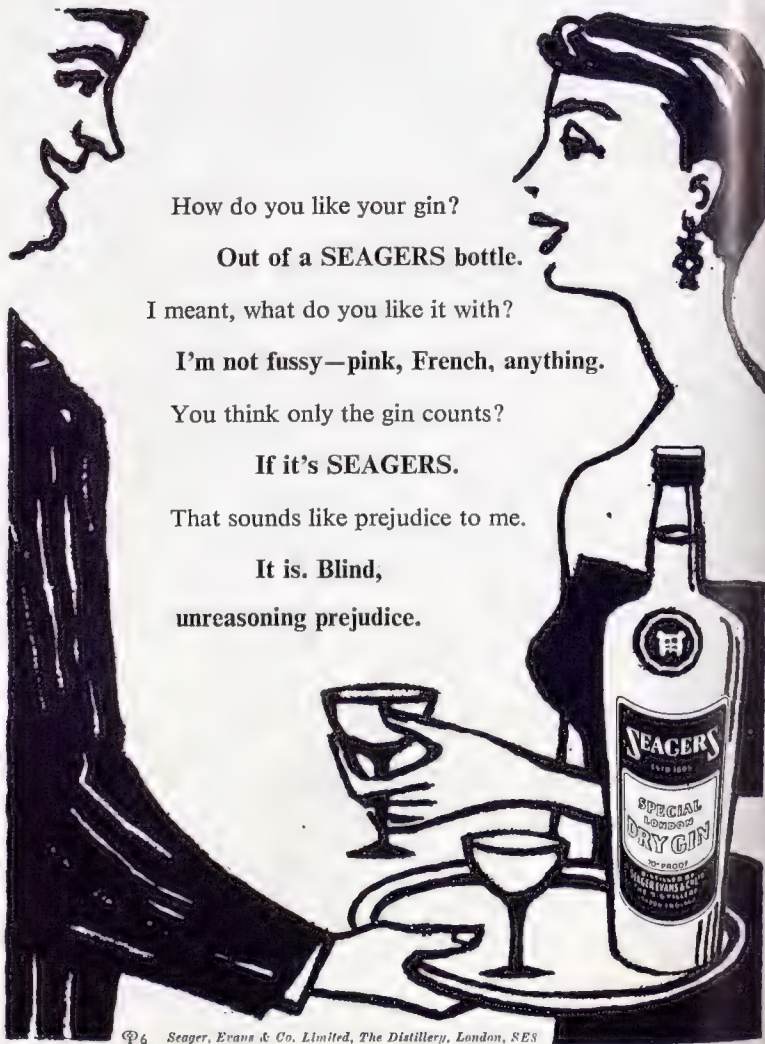
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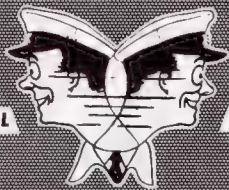
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— Macbeth.



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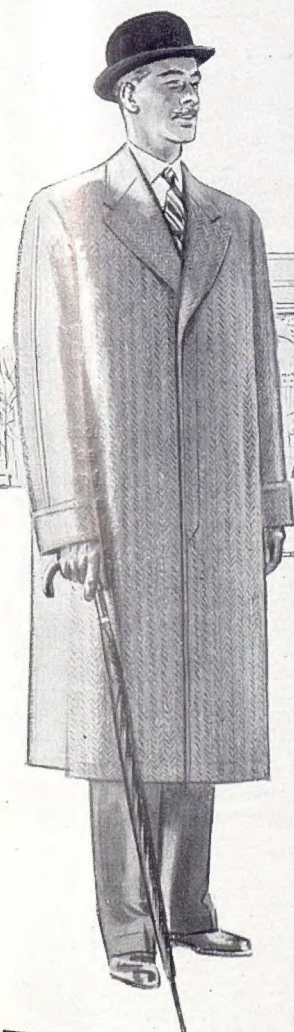
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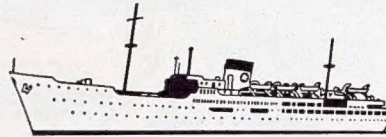
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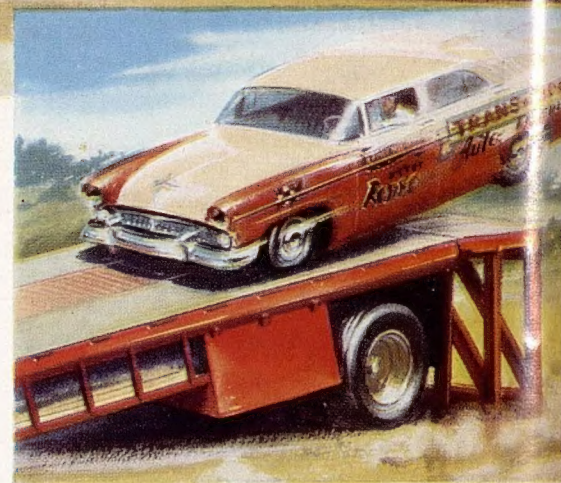
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